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Art. I. *Psyche, with other Poems.* By the late Mrs. Henry Tighe.
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CIRCUMSTANCES, that need not be explained, have hitherto prevented us from doing that justice to the poem of *Psyche*, which our contemporaries were eager to render as early as possible, and which its extraordinary merits seemed to demand of every censor of literature, on its first public appearance. We regret the delay on our part the less, because the work is, in itself, one that "the world will not willingly let die;" and, far from needing our humble aid to protect it from oblivion, came forth so powerfully recommended to general curiosity, by the fame which it had already acquired in private circulation, that it was immediately welcomed by general readers, as an unexpected benefit conferred on the public by the surviving friends of the author. The premature death of that author, also, gave an affecting interest to the offspring of her mind. To have left but one child, and that so beautiful, behind her, endeared the memory of the mother, and recommended the orphan to peculiar attention. One mournful advantage we gain by this poem being posthumous, that, as the feelings of the writer can neither have been hurt by our past neglect, nor will be distressed by our present strictures, so, were we inclined to severity, we might more freely hazard it, considering that she, whose work it is our business to examine, is now as insensible to the sound of praise or of censure, as to the dew that falls or the storm that beats upon her grave! Yet this is fame,—the fame for which the hero fights, the poet sings,—to be spoken of when conscienciousness has ceased, and remembered when

we ourselves are where all things are forgotten ! Yes, this is fame,—the glory of evening after the sun that kindled it is set,—the answer to a voice for ever silenced !

We shall neither trouble our readers nor ourselves with an unprofitable dissertation on allegory, to which class of writing this poem, or more properly speaking that part of it which the author has spun from her own invention, belongs. Mrs. Tighe, it is true, eagerly lays hold of the idea, that the story of Cupid and Psyche is an allegory of Love and the Soul. So it may be in name, but we defy the subtlest unravel-ler of mythological mysteries to find either moral or meaning in the greater number of incidents in it, beyond what they bear on the face of them. It is in fact a mere tale of intrigue between an earthly female, with all the frailties of flesh and blood about her, and one of those beings, who were called Gods by the enlightened Greeks and Romans, but who were so much in the likeness of men, that they only differed from them, in having more violent passions, and greater means of indulging them, with less restraint of decorum or fear of responsibility. The story, as originally told by Apuleius, a romance writer of the age of the Antonines, is certainly very entertaining, and not remarkably licentious ; though it affords so much scope and temptation to licentious description and sentiment, that it was dangerous for any writer, and most dangerous for a female, to assume it as the subject of a poem. It has, consequently, been a favourite with readers ; and several eminent writers of France and Italy, at various periods, have modelled it anew, according to the taste of their country and the times. Indeed, it is almost the only relic of antiquity that can be modernized to any advantage : for it resembles rather a Gothic or Saracenic romance than a classical fable ; Cupid being an enchanter, and Psyche just such a lady as knights-errant were wont to meet with in deserts, wandering about like her—in quest of Love. Both the characters and circumstances of the story differ exceedingly from those of the mythological legends in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and in the *Metamorphoseon* of Apuleius ; where, it appears, it is not given as a tradition of sacred history, but as a sprightly tale, an old wife's fable : “ *Ego te narrationibus lepidis, anilibusque fabulis protinus evocabo.*” Of Apuleius, who, in the work alluded to, describes his adventures in the shape of a *golden Ass*, it has been said, more flippantly than justly, that “ he rather brayeth than speaketh.” He is no Ass in this story. On the contrary, he repeatedly tries to be as musical as the nightingale, and it may with more truth be said, that here he rather sings than brays. His style, though sometimes tawdry, and corrupted both

with conceits and loose sentiments, is generally pleasing in the effect. It is also characterized by a frequent affectation of imitative harmony in the sound and motion of the words selected, the author having indifferently attempted in prose, what Virgil, above all others, has happily accomplished in verse;—not, as Pope erroneously calls it, making “the sound the *echo* to the sense,” but making the sound, which is the *voice* of the sense, so consentaneous to it, that the ear, by exquisite association, imagines the sense represented in the sound, as well as *by* the sound.

From Apuleius Mrs. Tighe has only borrowed the mysterious espousals of Cupid and Psyche, suddenly dissolved by the unfortunate curiosity of the latter to discover the person of her invisible husband. Here in reality ends the main interest of the original, the sequel being very puerile though very amusing; and neither La Fontaine nor Mrs. Tighe has successfully supported the interest any further than this point. In each, the adventures of Psyche in search of her lost lover constitute a new story, inferior in design and beauty to the former part, which all have adopted with little variation. La Fontaine, one of the liveliest of French writers, who delights his readers in his Fables, and even in his profligate Tales, by the simplicity and archness of his style, has shewn, in his *Psyche*, that he can be as tedious and affected as any of his prosing countrymen in heroic and pastoral romance. His second part displays a deplorable ingenuity wasted in making the lady's travels as wearisome to the reader as they were to herself. “*J'ai toujours crû, et je crois encore, que le sommeil est une chose invincible*: “I always thought, and I think so still, that sleep is an invincible thing,” says this facetious writer;—so he proved it, and so will his readers prove it, who walk in their sleep, after him in his dream, through Psyche's wanderings.

Mrs. Tighe's second part is almost pure allegory; and as we can make no allegory of the first part, the story in this form appears half real, half shadowy, and *her* Psyche is “A handsome woman, with a fish's tail.” We shall not, however, quarrel with this tail, which we admire exceedingly, and prefer incomparably to the draggled train of French lace, which La Fontaine has patched to her Grecian robe. If it was absolutely necessary for the honour of English literature, that we should have this ancient legend told in our own language, we are glad that it fell to the lot of a modest and accomplished female, (though *a priori* we should have deprecated the idea of such an one meddling with it), whose fine taste, and delicate moral sense, exquisitely

tempered the enthusiasm of her feelings, and the exuberance of her imagination; qualities indispensably requisite to veil and chasten the voluptuousness of the favourite incidents. In the hands of a poet of equal warmth of heart and brilliancy of fancy, yet wanting that talisman of grace which consecrates all that it touches, and makes every thing good as well as fair, "*Psyche*" might have been a most seductive romance for young persons. At the same time we confess, that we would rather have seen Mrs. Tighe's genius ennobling a theme not less beautiful, but less exceptionable. As it is, we congratulate the public on the prospect, that no poet, possessed of powers so fascinating, and principles so loose, as to render him dangerous, will hereafter attempt a subject so sweetly and so chastely sung by her.

We shall not offer any analysis of the poem. In the two first Cantos, Mrs. Tighe has preserved all that is most excellent and captivating in Apuleius, and interwoven it with such heightening or softening circumstances as her purer heart and purer style required. In the four following Cantos, she carries her heroine through a series of adventures, in which she has ingeniously shadowed forth the trials and perplexities of a lover's life. Though there is something very trite in making Cupid, whom *Psyche* is seeking, accompany her in the disguise of an unknown knight, who is also in quest of his love, it has much propriety and many advantages here. Of the latter, we think, the fair author has not fully availed herself. We speak with diffidence, when we say that the interest might have been rendered more delightfully distressing, had the quality of her companion been concealed from the reader, as it was from the lady, till he discovers himself in the last scene.

The poem is written in the stanza of Spenser. It is remarkable that this should be the favourite stanza with the poets of the present day, since Spenser himself, great and admirable as he is, has long ago ceased to be popular. The stanza, which he employed in the *Fairie Queene*, is a curious knot, that requires great skill to tie it gracefully. In form it is as compact as the Italian sonnet, with this difference, that the stanza is unique, and the sonnet double. The latter consists of two quatrains and two triplets of verses; and the harmony of the whole would be broken, not only by the addition or retrenchment of a line, but even by any less rigid arrangement of rhymes and clauses, in the fourteen lines, of which it is indispensably composed. The Spenserian stanza is likewise so finely proportioned, and so artfully implicated, that no line can be withdrawn or appended, and no rhyme

varied, without dissolving the charm of its music. The sonnet is a poetical tune in two parts; the stanza a strain in one; each perfect in its kind, and only *good* when *very good*. To confess the truth, few sonnets on the Italian model in our language are tolerable: all middling ones are irreparably bad: and though the stanza of Spenser is of English growth, and has been much practised during the last century, it is stiff and sluggish in the hands of most poets, and very wearisome in long narratives. Thomson, Beattie, Campbell, and Lord Byron have exercised themselves in it with considerable elegance and vigour; Beattie and Lord Byron most equally; Thomson and Campbell most successfully in particular instances. Mrs. Tighe yields to none of her predecessors or contemporaries in general facility and felicity of handling this difficult measure. She has wisely disdained the vulgar practice of imitating Spenser in that, wherein he is most easy to be imitated and least to be commended,—in the use of uncouth and antiquated phraseology. Her diction is perfectly modern, yet highly poetical when the subject demands it. Her style is richly attired, and ordered with female taste and neatness. If her sentiments are sometimes too rapturously expressed, they are only alarming for a moment, and are softened away with such tenderness and modesty, that it would be more difficult for us to establish a charge of indelicacy against her in any case, than to pass over unblamed the deliciousness of a few lines, escaping in reverie,

“ Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires.”

The inaccessible solitude, in which Cupid had raised a palace of gold and jewels, wherein he held his secret intercourse with Psyche, has been the prototype of many a fairy scene in poetry, since the days of Apuleius; among which Ariosto's enchanted City of Alcina, Tasso's Island of Armida, and Spenser's Bower of Bliss, are pre-eminently distinguished. Mrs. Tighe is scarcely inferior to any one of these in her description of the Island of Pleasure, its wonders, and its beauties.

‘ Refreshed she rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene.
Conspicuous far a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;
The high ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen.
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand
In grace attempered majesty sublimely grand.

' Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
 Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
 The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
 And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
 The passing breezes with their odours fill ;
 Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
 And here all flowers which from their leaves distil
 Ambrosial dew in sweet succession blow,
 And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

' The sun looks glorious mid a sky serene,
 And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide ;
 The clear blue ocean at a distance seen
 Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
 While closing round it with majestic pride,
 The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise ;
 " Sure some divinity must here reside,"
 As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
 And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

' When lo ! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
 From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound ;
 " Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
 " At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
 " And bids for thee immortal joys abound ;
 " For thee the palace rose at his command,
 " For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned ;
 " He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand
 " Prompt every wish to serve, a fond obedient band."
 ' Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
 For now the pompous portals opened wide,
 There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
 Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
 While gay saloons appeared on either side
 In splendid vista opening to her sight ;
 And all with precious gems so beautified,
 And furnished with such exquisite delight,
 That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

' The amethyst was there of violet hue,
 And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
 The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
 As the clear azure of a sunny day,
 Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play ;
 The snow white jasper, and the opal's flame,
 The blushing ruby, and the agate grey,
 And there the gem which bears his luckless name
 Whose death by Phœbus mourned ensured him deathless fame.

' There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
 And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
 With all that India and Peru can shew,
 Or Labrador can give so flaming bright

To the charmed mariner's half dazzled sight :
 The coral paved baths with diamonds blaze :
 And all that can the female heart delight
 Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
 And all that Luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

' Now through the hall melodious music stole,
 And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands,
 Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
 The lute and viol touched by unseen hands
 Aid the soft voices of the choral bands ;
 O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
 Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands :
 For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
 To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

' But when meek Eve hung out her dewy star,
 And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
 Lo ! the bright folding doors retiring far,
 Display to Psyche's captivated eye
 All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
 To sooth the spirits in serene repose :
 Beneath the velvet's purple canopy
 Divinely formed a downy couch arose,
 While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.' pp. 29—33.

There is something inexpressibly dreadful in the solitariness of Psyche's situation—amidst all other delights that the eye could relish, or the heart desire, to be surrounded by invisible attendants, and married to a husband, whom she loved to excess, and longed yet feared to behold, sometimes imagining him a divinity, and then persuaded by her envious sisters to believe him a monster. This part of the story is told with equal brevity and spirit. The scene in which our author describes the fatal curiosity of Psyche, the discovery of her husband, his instantaneous flight, and the dissolution of the pageant-island, are far superior in beauty, delicacy and interest to the corresponding passages in Apuleius and La Fontaine.

The second part of the Poem, which then commences, is entirely original, and entirely allegorical. Psyche, by direction of the oracle of Venus, sets out on her travels to find the Temple of Happiness, where she is commanded by the same authority to erect an altar to the Goddess, whose wrath she had previously incurred by rivalling her in beauty. In this search she is led by a dove that flies before her :

' And as she went, behold, with hovering flight
 The dove preceded still her doubtful way ;
 Its spotless plumage of the purest white,
 Which shown resplendent in the blaze of day,

Could even in darkest gloom a light display;
 Of heavenly birth, when first to mortals given
 Named Innocence. But ah! too short its stay;
 By ravenous birds it fearfully was driven
 Back to reside with Love, a denizen of heaven.' p. 68. A

She is afterwards joined and accompanied by Cupid, disguised as a knight-errant, and Constance his page, who also leads a lion, called Passion, in a golden chain. How many horses they have among them we cannot clearly ascertain, whether one, or two, or three; however they make good speed by the way. We shall not follow them in prose, through their many perils and escapes, by sea and land; we found that difficult enough to do in Mrs. Tighe's verse, charming and fluent as it is under every difficulty and disadvantage.

It is in such lovely and soothing scenes as the following, that our author's descriptive powers are most happily exemplified, and in such beautiful soliloquies of sentiment, that the whole pathos of her soul is poured into the bosom of the reader.

'Mid the thick forest was a lonely dell,
 Where foot of man was seldom known to tread,
 The sloping hills all round in graceful swell
 The little green with woods environed;
 Hither the dove their passive course had led:
 Here the thin smoke blue rising mid the trees,
 Where broad and brown the deepest umbrage spread,
 Spoke the abode of safe retired ease,
 And Psyche gladly there her dove descending sees.

'In lowly cottage, walled with mossy sod,
 Close by a little spring's perpetual rill,
 A hermit dwelt, who many a year had trod
 With sacred solitude that pine-clad hill,
 And loved with holy images to fill
 His soul enrapt; yet courteous then besought
 A while secluded here to rest; and still
 Replete with kind and hospitable thought,
 To a sequestered bower the wearied Psyche brought,
 'Skilled in the virtue of each healing flower,
 And the wild fruit's restoring juice to blend,
 He spreads the frugal fare of wholesome power,
 And heedfully his cares their wants attend;
 A docile ear to his advice they lend,
 And sage instruction from his precepts take,
 Which much their future journey may befriend;
 Wisdom with soothing eloquence he spake,
 Pleased to resolve their doubts, and all their cares partake.

'In those sweet placid scenes awhile they rest,
 Till Psyche finds her fainting strength revive;

And here her dove, as in a quiet nest,
 Delighted seems to sportive joy alive;
 And hence they surest confidence derive.
 He plumes his wings, and through his swelling throat
 (No more a ruffled, fearful fugitive)
 In gentle murmurs pours his dulcet note,
 While Psyche listening sits in some still vale remote.

'Oh! have you never known the silent charm
 That undisturbed retirement yields the soul,
 Where no intruder might your peace alarm,
 And tenderness hath wept without control,
 While melting fondness o'er the bosom stole?
 Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,
 Abridge the hours which must in absence roll?
 Those pensive pleasures did you never prove,
 Oh, you have never loved! you know not what is love!

'They do not love who can to these prefer
 The tumult of the gay, or folly's roar;
 The Muse they know not; nor delight in her
 Who can the troubled soul to rest restore,
 Calm contemplation: Yes, I must deplore
 Their joyless state, even more than his who mourns
 His love for ever lost; delight no more
 Unto his widowed heart indeed returns,
 Yet, while he weeps, his soul their cold indifference spurns.

'But if soft hope illumines fancy's dream,
 Assuring him of love and constancy,
 How exquisite do then the moments seem,
 When he may hide himself from every eye,
 And cherish the dear thought in secrecy!
 While sweet remembrance soothes his thrilling heart,
 And brings once more past hours of kindness nigh,
 Recals the look of love when forced to part,
 And turns to drops of joy the tears that sadly start.' pp. 92—95.

The following passage, describing the reconciliation of Psyche with her unknown guardian, after having deeply wounded his sensibility in a fit of jealous coldness, is exquisitely wrought. The three concluding lines of the second stanza, and the sixth line of the third stanza, are worth whole volumes of middling poetry.

'With self-reproach and sweet returning trust,
 While yet he spoke, her generous heart replies,
 Soft melting pity bids her now be just
 And own the error which deceived her eyes;
 Her little pride she longs to sacrifice,
 And ask forgiveness of her suffering knight:
 Her suffering knight, alas! no more she spies,
 He has withdrawn offended from her sight,
 Nor can that gentle voice now hope to stay his flight.

' Struggling no more her sorrows to restrain,
Her streaming eyes look round with anxious fear ;
Nor are those tender showers now shed in vain,
Her soft lamenting voice has reached his ear,
Where latent he had marked each precious tear ;
Sudden as thought behold him at her feet !
Oh ! reconciling moment ! charm most dear !
What feeling heart thy pleasures would repeat,
Or wish thy dearly purchased bliss, however sweet ?

' The smiles of joy which swell her glowing cheek,
And o'er her parting lips divinely play,
Returning pleasure eloquently speak,
Forgetful of the tears which lingering stay,
(Like sparkling dew drops in a sunny day)
Unheeded tenants of rejoicing eyes ;
His wounds her tender care can well repay :
There grateful kindness breathes her balmy sighs,
Beneath her lenient hand how swiftly suffering flies !' pp. 139, 140.

We shall neither quote, nor say any more of the narrative, except that, after traversing many countries, and overcoming innumerable enemies, Psyche and her companions arrive at the Temple of Happiness, and find it *at home*—on the very spot where Cupid and she were formerly united. Here he discovers himself to her, never to be parted again.

In all allegories of length, we grow dull as the story advances, and feel very little anxiety about the conclusion, except for its own sake, *as the conclusion*. Beautiful and diversified as the allegory before us is, we believe few readers when they lay it down will be sorry that it is done ; and, if we are not mistaken, most minds, in recalling the pleasures of the perusal, will principally dwell on the scenes of the first part as poetical realities, and ruminate on those of the sequel as images of a wild and exhausting dream, from which they do not repine at being awakened to ordinary sights and sounds, however astonished and entranced they may have been while it lasted. And this is the inevitable effect of allegories,—they *never* leave the impression of truth behind. In noble fictions, where truth, though not told in the letter, is preserved in the spirit, it is far otherwise. We rise from the narrations of the death of Hector, and the visit of Priam by night to the tent of Achilles, as from reading historical facts ; our feelings are precisely the same as our feelings would have been, were those circumstances authentic. In Milton's wonderful poem, though our judgement is never deceived into the belief of their actual existence, the conversations between Adam and Eve, and their interview with Raphael in Paradise, have all the warmth of life within them, and the day-light of reality around them. In allegory we cannot forget that the

personages never did, and never could exist, nor that both personages and scenes represent *something else* and *not themselves*. When we give over reading, all curiosity and interest cease: we have had no fellow feeling in conversing with such beings, and we suffer no regret when they are vanished: they came like shadows, and so departed. If ever allegorical characters excite either sympathy or affection, it is when we forget that they are allegorical, consequently when the allegory itself is suspended, with respect to them.

Besides, in this department of writing, we almost certainly foresee what every typical being will do, or say, or suffer, according to the circumstances in which they are placed. The issue of every trial, of every conflict, is known as soon as it is commenced. The personages themselves, unfortunately, are all imperfect, and, according to their limited characters, must be in everlasting motion, or at everlasting rest; always rejoicing or always weeping; infallibly good, or incurably bad. In short, arms and legs, and wings and tails of animals, might as well be personified to the eye, and brought into dramatic action, as most of the creatures of imagination that figure away in allegory.

Again; in allegory the mind naturally expects wonders in continual succession, and is greatly disappointed if they do not occur so frequently as to destroy their own effect,—to defeat the very purpose for which wonders are wrought by authors. And what is that purpose? Take it in the memorable words of Mr. Bayes,—“to elevate and surprise!” But can any thing elevate where every thing is beyond nature, or surprise where every thing is surprising? Where all is marvellous, nothing is so. Probabilities in ordinary writing, that writing which represents things as they are, or as they might be under imaginable circumstances, excite more pleasure and amazement in the reader's mind than all the prodigious births of allegory. We are acquainted with no work of the latter kind comparable, in ingenuity and entertaining interest, to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and though the road is gone twice over, few readers that have travelled pleasantly with Christian to the Heavenly Jerusalem, are unwilling to set out again with his wife and children, when they leave the City of Destruction. One principal reason, though many others concur, why the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the most amusing work of its kind, may be, that the whole is written under the similitude of a dream; there is very little of pure allegory in it; and few abstract qualities or passions are personified.

We have only one more general fault to find with allegories. There is a wearisome sameness and repulsive formality in most that we have read. Who is not sick of queens

and goddesses, in their palaces and temples, with their trains of attendants, their nymphs and worshippers, which appear in almost every dream in the Spectators and Tatlers, and in every imitation of them since? Mrs. Tighe has too many of these. The Queen of Loose Delight and her minions, in canto iii.; the Queen and Castle of Suspicion, in canto iv.; the Queen and Palace of Chastity, in canto v.; the Queen and Court of Indifference, in canto vi.

In these remarks we have stated only the disadvantages of allegory. For its advantages we cannot do better than refer the reader to Mrs. Tighe's splendid exemplification of them, in the four last cantos of this singularly elegant poem.

The smaller pieces, at the end of the volume, form a wreath, lovely indeed, but scarcely worthy of the brow of Psyche; consisting of flowers that would have attracted very transient attention, had they been less happily placed. The feebleness of many, and the unequal merit of the best, of these occasional effusions, indirectly prove the extraordinary pains that were taken to compose and polish the leading poem. We shall copy the last piece in the collection, being the last that the amiable and excellent author wrote.

On receiving a Branch of Mezereon which flowered at Woodstock, December, 1809.

'Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm

With fragrance premature;

And, mid these days of dark alarm,

Almost to hope allure.

Methinks with purpose soft ye come

To tell of brighter hours,

Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,

Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain

The powers of life restore;

These eyes that weep and watch in pain

Shall see her charms no more.

No, no, this anguish cannot last!

Beloved friends, adieu!

The bitterness of death were past,

Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang

That rends my soul from life,

That soul, which seems on you to hang

Through each convulsive strife,

Even now, with agonizing grasp

Of terror and regret,

To all in life its love would clasp

Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark !
 Thus mortally opprest ?
 Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
 And bid thy terrors rest ;
 Forget, forego thy earthly part,
 Thine heavenly being trust :—
 Ah, vain attempt ! my coward heart
 Still shuddering clings to dust.
 Oh ye ! who sooth the pangs of death
 With love's own patient care,
 Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
 Still pour the fervent prayer :—
 And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
 No more, nor voice my ear,
 Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
 And shed the pitying tear,
 Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
 My grateful thoughts perceive,
 Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
 My last sad claim receive !
 Oh ! do not quite your friend forget,
 Forget alone her faults ;
 And speak of her with fond regret
 Who asks your lingering thoughts.' pp. 307—310.

A note annexed to these stanzas informs us, that the author expired at the place where they were written, after six years of protracted malady, on the 24th of March following, (1810) in the 37th year of her age. ' Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted the scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer.'

Art. II. *An Account of Ireland Statistical and Political*. By Edward Wakefield. 2vols. 4to. pp. xxiv, 762, 838. Index and two plates. Price £6. 6s. Longman and Co. 1812.

SOME writers have the enviable art of interesting a reader's attention so completely, that, while engaged in perusing their works, we lose all consideration of form, arrangement, sources and style, in the higher delight of becoming the companions of their thoughts. On closing their volumes, it is necessary to recall reason to her firm and established principles; to inquire a little into the bearings of the road we have been travelling; and ascertain whether the prospects which appeared so beautiful are situated in the regions of fancy or of truth. The number of writers, however, thus powerfully gifted, is comparatively few. In general, there is little fear of a reader's confounding his own identity with that of the author. The

latter takes care to remind him often enough what he is, and who he is; what he is about, and what he intends to be about; and the former, far from being carried forward in silent pleasure, is restive and distrustful—stopping at every turn to reconnoitre the ground, and not unfrequently coming to a downright quarrel with his guide.

The task of examining sixteen hundred pages of statistical and political observations on Ireland, appeared to us, we must confess, no trifle at the outset; and we are now fully satisfied that the number is no mistake. They have heartily tired us more than once. It is however no general axiom, that “a great book is a great evil,”—nor is a book always worthless because it is tiresome. We only wish to say, that if Mr. Wakefield was determined to swell his ‘Account’ to the present size, he would have done well to have rendered the extraneous matter of it a little more attractive, or if intrinsic merit was the grand object of his solicitude, to have made a considerable reduction in its bulk.

The work is divided into thirty one chapters, composed in a tolerably uniform manner as follows: First, a history of the subject, either from the creation, from the flood, from the origin of language, the revolution, the last rebellion, or the union, according to circumstances and the materials which the author happened to have at hand. In this part of the business his *Lugd. Bat.* 1669, editions of Pliny, Strabo, Herodotus, Tacitus, Plutarch, &c. are extremely serviceable, and are quoted, volume and page, with great accuracy. Some of these introductions, however, are not without their merit, though evidently misplaced in a Statistical and Political Account of Ireland. Next follow the author’s collections from other writers, tables, &c. intermixed with discourses of his own upon the subject before him, which are rather declamatory than argumentative, remarkably abundant in interrogations, and frequently very little to the purpose. Indeed, though Mr. Wakefield’s talent for oratory may be a matter of no small auto-gratulation, we cannot help thinking his mode of employing it rather ill-judged. His declamations, far from strengthening the effect of his facts, are liable to bring their accuracy into doubt, since the reader will assert the liberty of judging for himself, whether the sentiments of the author be the result of the facts, or the choice of facts the consequence of his preconceived sentiments. They reduce the authority of the work, in short, to the opinion of an individual. Whatever amusement, therefore, we may have derived from these sallies of Mr. Wakefield’s vivacity, we are far from thinking his work improved by their intrusion; though it is evident that he has bestowed more care on these, than on

most other parts of his 'Account.' The 'observations' cut out of the memorandum book, and attached with their respective dates to the rear of several subdivisions, we can compare to nothing more aptly than to the long string of mud cottages which pursue the traveller with exhibitions of self-satisfied poverty and discomfort, on his escape from an Irish town. When the reader has been informed three or four times in what year Ireland was visited by Mr. Wakefield, what rational purpose can it answer to affix the dates to two or three score notes like the following?

'Aug. 12th. Westmeath Reynella.—In this neighbourhood there are thriving plantations of twenty years growth.

'Aug. 13th. 1808.—Sir Richard Leving has very extensive young plantations. Hazel is sold to make hoops for butter firkins.

'Sep. 14th. Londonderry. Newtown Lemivady.—There is much wood in the neighbourhood of Walworth.' Vol. I. p. 565.

Did Mr. Wakefield fear that the plantations of Reynella walked away, Aug. 14th? Or are these fragments of his pocket book intended as foils to the more animated passages? We are inclined to suspect the latter to be the fact, as Mr. Wakefield is occasionally very happy in displaying the force of contrast. Thus, the commencement of the thirteenth chapter gives an account of the manufactures of Egypt, from Herodotus, and their influence upon the laws of Greece; an excursion into the classical regions of antiquity, for which the reader is admirably prepared by the quotation at the end of the twelfth chapter, which immediately precedes it, and where he learns, that at the bridge of Waterford 'the toll for a dead pig is a penny, and for a live one a halfpenny.'

That these quartos are thus crude and unwieldy, is not, we think, because the author was unable to compress and arrange them. Both the confusion and the bulk seem, on his part, to have been purely a matter of choice; and his readers, therefore, are not to be censured as fastidious, when they complain that the book is expensive, tiresome, and inconvenient as a work of reference. The occurrence of such faults, indeed, and to so large an extent, is peculiarly to be regretted, as the subject itself is, at the present period, so interesting and important, and as Mr. Wakefield's collection will really be found to contain much solid information and many important remarks. Mr. Wakefield, whatever delinquencies he may be guilty of, as a bookmaker, possesses considerable abilities as an observer, and deserves, in no mean degree, the thanks of the public for his communications. Politics and rural economy appear to have been his favourite pursuits, previously to his undertaking this work. To pronounce him unprejudiced in

either, would be bestowing a very ambiguous commendation, when we consider how difficult, how nearly impossible it is, for human nature to keep clear of the influence of this agent, in subjects which deeply and feelingly engage its attention. But though prejudice may occasionally tincture his statements of facts, we do not by any means believe that his opinions are founded on prejudice, much less that he wishes to enforce them by the usual artifices to which prejudice resorts—disguise and wilful misrepresentation. As far as we are able to judge, he acts with candour; and, disdaining the mask of a no-party man, avows his attachment to the names which have secured his admiration, and to the principles which he has adopted for his guidance. Sir William Young's *West Indian Common Place book*, suggested the idea of his work. He was encouraged to undertake it by Mr. Foster. He solicited and obtained the advice of the duke of Bedford, the Earl of Darnley and Lord Fingal, determined 'not to collect materials merely from those who seemed desirous of serving Ireland only in one way.'—The Union notwithstanding the apparent disadvantages which have been attributed to it, has our author's hearty approbation.

'Being no great man's parasite, and having no desire to hunt after that most unstable of all earthly possessions, popular favour, I must dissent from such doctrines; and shall leave to those writers who do not hesitate to gratify their spleen at the expence of public tranquillity, to destroy, if they be so disposed, the rising germs of the future happiness of her inhabitants.' Vol. 1. p. vii.

On agricultural subjects, Mr. Young is his great oracle, though he shews himself well acquainted with numerous authors in this department. In general Mr. W. seems to have spared no pains in collecting the authorities of preceding writers, both in this country and on the continent; and he gives a somewhat extensive list of the topographical works which he has consulted. He very properly conceived, however, that to apply them to any good purpose, it was necessary for him to look at Ireland with his own eyes. He accordingly resided there nearly two years, and was in consequence enabled to obtain much information from the higher classes, and, we are very happy to perceive, to make many correct observations upon the lower. It is our sincere wish that the use he has made of these abilities and opportunities, may conduce to raise this abject people to that station as men, as subjects of a British government, and as Christians, in which they are formed to distinguish themselves as much to their honour, as they have done hitherto to their disgrace.—Mr. W. is by no means a sen-

limental writer, and we do not regret the circumstance. There is no call for an expenditure of useless sensibility. The mass of of plain facts, the array of unvarnished truths, presented in these volumes, will make the heart bleed, though the eye sheds no tear; and, if they operate rightly, will forbid us to indulge in idle lamentations, while we hasten to the relief, to the salvation of our brethren.

Whoever has visited Ireland, will readily admit that there exists a great and striking difference of *national character*, between its inhabitants and those of England. It is difficult, and almost impossible, to define in what precisely this national character consists. Among writers, none certainly have succeeded better in depicting it, than Miss Edgeworth; and perhaps it is not too much to say, that there is scarcely any nation whose portrait has been so correctly and fully drawn, as that of the Irish in some of her Tales. Still, however, there is a lubricity in the character which will hardly endure the grasp of a description. Mr. W.'s attempt we record, because it exhibits the result of his acquaintance with them; but we think it will be found very inadequate to convey to the reader a distinct idea of an Irishman.

'To say that they are brave, lavish in hospitality, warm-hearted, sensible, eloquent, witty, possessing an uncommon cheerfulness of disposition, and a people with whom it would be desirable to reside, would be paying them no compliment. They have all these qualities, and some of them in an eminent degree; but the impartial observer must describe them as loquacious, and extravagantly prodigal, though often parsimonious. In whatever they undertake, there is no moderation; all is in extremes; their vanity predominates, and like the French, they entertain a high idea of themselves, and of the advantages of their country. Hence, their appetite for praise is unbounded, and censure always mortifies their pride, and irritates their feelings. They are irascible, easily offended, violent and impetuous in their resentments. In gaiety, they enjoy the present moment without any care for the future; and from the same thoughtless habit, readily embark in extravagant schemes. From these causes they are unsteady in their conduct, often grasping at objects, which, when obtained, afford not the expected gratification, and are therefore abandoned almost as soon as tried. That they are generous I have admitted; but this quality only extends to strangers. If we examine them in one of the most important relations of society, we shall find, that as landlords they exact more of their tenants than the same class of men in any other country. Men, whose doors are open to every visitor, for the temptation of a few pounds per annum, will let a fishery to a Scotch company, although thousands of the wretched inhabitants are, by this, deprived of a scanty relish to their dry potatoes.' Vol. II. pp. 794, 795.

But whatever this character may be, and however singularly compounded of qualities good and bad, attractive and repellent, it must be allowed, that, while it has been produced in a

great measure by causes liable to alteration, and susceptible of control, it is in turn the cause of phenomena, which cannot be altered or controled but by a change in the character itself. Every thing, consequently, which explains the nature of this concatenation of cause and effect, must be important, as a guide to endeavours to ameliorate the national condition. Mr. Wakefield's researches, we conceive, throw much useful light upon the subject. The characteristic fickleness, impetuosity, irascibility, and vindictive temper of the people of Ireland, have always rendered them terrific in a state of rebellion. These, however, are traits in the character of every uncivilized nation; and till that degree of refinement is introduced among the lower class, which occasions a desire for a permanent amendment of condition, they will continue to be distinctive features in the portraiture of the Irish. Man in an uninstructed state, will refuse to undergo the slightest exertion to ensure himself a durable convenience, but will shun no labour to obtain the most transient gratification. Hence the wretched huts, the miserable fare, the tattered garments of men, who will run a dozen miles to a horse-race or a dance, and voluntarily relinquish every domestic comfort acquired by the savings of years, for a trifling sum of money to 'play themselves' at a neighbouring fair. Civilization aspires to no pleasures but such as it can enjoy with continuance; barbarism cares little for the general tenor of life, if it can but secure a few occasional moments of ecstasy. To this cause we do not hesitate to attribute the apparent content with which the lower Irish support a state of privation, which would be insupportable misery to the more refined inhabitants of this island. The possibility of improving his condition has been so long beyond an Irishman's reach, that it has become a part of his character not to desire it; and, to stimulate him to exertion, not only hindrances must be removed, but reasonable inducements superadded. Mr. Wakefield insists upon the necessity of this mode of proceeding, in a political view. We subscribe to it in reference to the *moral* condition of the people.

'In proportion as the state of the people in Ireland is improved, the trade of the country will be extended. But the united efforts of government and individuals will be requisite to promote so desirable an end. When laws are made, let them be framed in such a manner as to protect industry. That this was not the case lately, can hardly be doubted; and I am persuaded, from what I myself have witnessed, that the great body of the people of that country are discouraged from exertion, because they entertain a fear that they shall not be suffered to enjoy, unmolested, the fruits of their honest toil. But among a people whose energy has long been repressed, and whose minds have been fettered by ignorance, laws

alone will not be sufficient. Laws may deter from the commission of great crimes, but to effect a salutary change in the general habits and manners of a country, they must be assisted by education and example. While government, therefore, discharges its duty by providing the means of instruction, it is incumbent on landholders, country gentlemen, and magistrates, respectable manufacturers, and all those who, by their acquirements or station, possess an influence in society, to be circumspect in their conduct, to regulate their lives by the strictest rules of honour and justice, and to exhibit themselves to the people as models worthy of imitation. In plans of civilization, it is of the utmost importance, that those who attempt innovations should conciliate, by kind treatment, the affections of the persons among whom they are desirous that they should be introduced. The landholders should lay aside their former contracted ideas, and consider their tenants as fellow men, and not as slaves, born to maintain them in affluence and splendour. The people must not be kept in a state of oppression, nakedness, and misery; it is contrary to justice, it is contrary to the interest of the land proprietors, and destructive of the commercial prosperity of the country. Let the restraints be removed; give instruction sufficient to make them sensible of their own importance; encourage them to hope that, by honest industry, they may rise to a better condition; excite a desire of improvement, without which its progress will be slow; let them be taught to look for comforts not at present within their reach, and to seek enjoyments to which they as yet are strangers. When they perceive that there are pleasures superior to those of mere animal gratification, they will be roused from their torpor, the finer feelings will be awakened, their thoughts be directed to more laudable objects, and their actions, instead of being guided by mechanical impulse or brutal passions, be subjected to the regular and systematic controul of reason.' Vol. II. pp. 66, 67.

The numerous instances of unconcern among the common people with respect to the most ordinary comforts of life, will appear incredible to such as have not actually witnessed them. The following anecdote, though given on very credible authority, will, we fear, be scarcely admitted as plain matter of fact by many of our readers. We however insert it, as the very circumstance of its being probable, is in some sort a presumption in favour of its being true.

'In July, 1798, the entire side of a house, four stories high, in School-house-lane, fell from its foundation into an adjoining yard, where it destroyed an entire dairy of cows. I ascended the remaining ruin, through the usual approach of shattered stairs, stench and filth. The floors had all sunk on the side now unsupported, forming so many inclined planes; and I observed with astonishment, that the inhabitants, above twenty in number, who had escaped destruction by the circumstance of the wall falling outwards, had not deserted their apartments. I was informed that it had remained some months in this situation, and that the humane landlord claimed, and actually received for it, the usual rent.'—*Whitelaw upon the Population of Dublin.*

It might be imagined, that among people so rude and bar-

barous, the early culture of the mind by *education* was wholly unknown, and that they were incapable of even the rudiments of learning. This, however, is not the case. Schools there are,—and Mr. Dutton gives a catalogue of the general cottage classics, to wit: ‘History of the Seven Champions of Christendom—History of Irish Rogues and Rapparees—History of Francis, a notorious Robber—of the most celebrated Pirates—of Jack Bachelor, the Smuggler—of Witches and Apparitions!’—and others equally edifying. Mr. Wakefield, too, met with ‘such, or as bad, in very general use.’ He expresses a wish that Lancaster’s plan of instruction may be extensively introduced. If, indeed, there be a country likely to be benefited by it, Ireland is that country. A school-house in every parish would be an incomparably more effectual preventive of rebellion than a gibbet in every village. The only book made use of being the bible, the master might be either a Catholic or a Protestant; and the children would imbibe the principles of a religion, which some priests would think imperfectly catholic, and which Dr. Marsh perhaps would think imperfectly Anglican, but which we have no doubt would create better subjects and happier men than their present creeds, whether Roman-catholic or Protestant, can possibly do. Mr. Wakefield, in treating on the subject of education, enters very largely into the reports of the Board of Education, which present a melancholy view of the failure—for we can call it no better—of the public institutions for that purpose. Our limits do not permit us to indulge in a single remark upon the greater part of these documents, but the indignation excited by the Eighth, upon the Foundling Hospital, which our author confirms, will not brook the confinement of silence. In the years from 1785 to July 1798, 27,274 children were admitted, out of which number 13,120 died; in the last year 1797—1798 there were no less than 1,457 deaths, out of 1922 admitted! Since that time there has been an amendment, and to July 1808, of 19,638 admitted, not *more* than 5,043 have died while infants, but only *one* in *five* of the whole number attained the age of ten years. It might be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that this prodigious mortality is attributable to their being brought to the place in an emaciated or diseased state. But even this Mr. Wakefield denies.

‘My visits to the Foundling Hospital had been made in company with three females, one of whom was the mother of a very numerous family, and the wife of a gentleman who had, for nearly twenty years, been chaplain and superintendant of a large hospital. Two of the company had paid a visit to the hospital three weeks before, and had then particularly remarked two beautiful infants, which had that day been

sent in. These ladies knew some of the nurses, and they inquired for the children who had before so much attracted their attention. One was dead; and the other was in the most wretched state I ever beheld any infant: the truth is, this child, as well as the other children in the ward, was covered with the itch.' Vol. II. p. 427.

To this disease, and to being committed two, three, or even six at once, to a single nurse, during their stay in the house, and to too scanty nourishment when entrusted to nurses in the country, at the rate of 3*l.* per annum, Mr. Wakefield ascribes the great number of infant deaths, and the miserable condition of the survivors when drafted into the school. The writer of this article has had an opportunity of observing the expedients resorted to by the female agents in the country, who have the conveyance of these unfortunate outcasts, in order to make the commission 'pay them,'—but assuredly no addition need be made to Mr. Wakefield's account, to plead the cause of humanity.

It is evident from the aggregate of our author's remarks upon the subject of education, that it has had but little effect in forming the Irish character; but we own that our hopes of its beneficial influence are very sanguine. The Irish are able to learn, are willing to learn: and what improvement is it too much to expect if this inclination be properly directed? We agree with Mr. W. that 'every uneducated native of Ireland is a living reproach on that government, which allows a moment to elapse without applying a remedy to the evil. Educate the rising generation, and gaols and barracks will not be wanted.'

The mode in which *property* is secured to the inhabitants of a country, has an undoubted influence upon their character. Where vassalage is in force, the villeins are generally what their landlords make them,—discontented, rebellious, fawning, treacherous, careless,—or the reverse; since every action of the master, by whatever principle it be dictated, awakens an appropriate resonance in the mind of the dependant. To the lower class, the supreme government is of importance only as its influence reaches them; and the most equitable laws, if liable to perversion and evasion, cannot be expected to improve the subject whom they fail to protect. Now it is much to be feared, that the lower Irish are less benefited by the statutes of this nation, than the people of many states on the coast of Africa, by their traditional customs and superstitions. We can as little recognise the rights of humanity, as protected by British legislation, in the cottages of the Irish, as we can discover the majestic stream that rolls over the rocks of Schaffhausen, or washes the walls of Basle, in the stagnant canals and putrid ditches in which its nature and its name are lost in Holland. We do not, how-

ever, altogether agree with Mr. Wakefield in placing the situation of the Irish peasant and the Russian boor on an equality. That the Irish peasant has to perform as severe services to his landlord,—that he enjoys as little, or less of the fruit of his industry than the Russian slave, may be conceded; but in the latter, this is owing to a radical defect in the laws of the country, which acknowledge and establish the system of vassalage, whereas in the former, it must be attributed to the corrupt channels through which the blessings of the constitution are conveyed. In our own country, the meanest subject stands so immediately under the cognizance of the law, and can so easily appeal to the generally established conventional principles of justice and equity, that tyranny and oppression are but in comparatively few instances, eventually successful. This unfortunately is not the case in Ireland; and, doubtless, one considerable reason will be found in the manner in which the majority of the peasants hold their possessions, which renders them dependent upon the proprietor of the land, or his agent, or *middle-man*, yet establishes an opposite, instead of a common interest. The system of letting land to middle-men, to be sublet to a number of tenants, has been defended on theoretical principles. Mr. Wakefield does not condemn it altogether, but while he owns that there are some who are ‘a blessing to society,’ he confesses that there are others, and those the greater part, who are ‘a disgrace to a country, real pests of society, as great tyrants in Ireland as the farmers-general were in France, who, while they excite the detestation of the honest part of society, are loaded with curses by the poor whom they oppress.’ He argues, that it is better to grant the lease of an extensive tract of unimproved country to a person of intelligence, who would re-let it to sub-tenants under his own immediate inspection, than to parcel it out, at once, to a colony of beggars, having neither the understanding nor the means to improve it judiciously. But when the estate has been reclaimed from a state of nature, he advises the renewal of the lease to the middle-man, of that part only which he actually purposes to keep in his own hands, and thus to render the sub-tenants independent of their former master. Exposing the lands to public *sale*, evidently encourages the occupier to ensure to himself the only chance of renewing his lease, by converting his tenure into a perfect desert, and thus effectually deterring his competitors from outbidding him. The following extract will give some idea of the usual process of such as have got the management of an extensive estate into their own hands, by these, or other equally creditable means.

* This person takes the land, without the least intention of ever laying

out upon it a single shilling, or of occupying an acre of it. He re-lets it at a considerable rack-rent, and whatever success attends the occupiers, the whole fruit of their labour finds its way into the pockets of this petty despot. There are various ways by which persons of this description have it in their power to ruin and destroy the real tenantry of an estate; such as that of binding them by an oath to pay their rent on a certain day, or to drive their cattle to the pound, and it is extremely difficult to counteract this system. Many advantages are held out by way of lure. One strong inducement is, that the middleman, not being in want of money, engages to take promissory notes at a long date, in payment of the rent; but these poor deluded people soon find, to their cost, that their confidence has been most shamefully abused; for when the day of payment comes, the former has nothing to do but to drive away the cattle. The pound is in the neighbourhood, and for a few days this business engages the middleman's attention, and prevents him from loitering about the door of the post-office, where he is accustomed to watch the arrival of the English newspapers during three parts of the year, that he may feast himself with the manna of the day.' Vol. I. pp 287—289.

Where property is not under the management of a middleman, the direction is generally entrusted to an agent, by which means all intercourse between the proprietor and the tenant is obstructed, except through an interested medium. The conduct of these agents is, of course, little better than that of the middlemen, their sole aim being to draw all the profit they can from their situation. 'The most barefaced bribery and corruption are practised by this class of people, without the least sense of fear, or of shame:' not only themselves must be fee'd; 'wives, daughters, kept mistresses, all receive money.' Their sons or relations keep shops, and the tenantry 'cannot purchase a yard of tape, or a pound of cheese, in any other place,' under pain of high displeasure. No demand is too exorbitant for their avarice, no object too mean to excite their rapacity: fowls, geese, turf, and personal services are 'demanded without right, yielded under the impression of fear, and accepted without shame.' This system of extortion infects persons who might be supposed secure from the contagion.

'Instances where every advantage has been taken of the slightest flaw in the powers of the lessor, are so numerous, that it is an object highly worthy of the most serious attention. The custom of taking all advantage of such oversights is now so general, that breaking a contract of this kind is not considered in Ireland as the smallest violation of honour. I have frequently been in company with noblemen and gentlemen who had acted in this manner with perfect impunity, and who did not seem in the least ashamed of their conduct.' Vol. I. p. 244.

Oppression thus practised on an abject peasantry, must be doubly injurious. It deprives them of their natural rights, rendering their existence miserable, and it instils into their

minds, by the operation of the most seductive example, those detestable principles of selfishness and deceit from which it flows. Under such circumstances, can we wonder that the common Irish are not to be trusted,—that they make use of adulation and bribery to gain their ends,—that they form engagements, the fulfilment of which depends on interest or convenience? They judge as they have been taught to judge, and treat others as they have been themselves treated. The following anecdote may serve to shew the consistency with which they act.

‘The daughter of an English earl, married to an Irish nobleman, accompanied her husband to Ireland, and, on arriving at the family seat, the tenants flocked round it from every quarter, telling his lordship that they wished to have the pleasure of seeing his lady. The nobleman informed her ladyship what the tenants wanted. Her ladyship, struck with the uncouth appearance of her visitors, declined at first to expose herself as a public spectacle before so many men; but, being told that the tenants would be affronted if she did not, she at length consented to gratify their wishes. When she appeared among them, a farmer, in a brown wig and a long coat, or *trusty*, as it is called, went up to her, and jogging her with his elbow, signified that he wanted to speak a few words to her in private. The lady having stepped aside, the farmer said,—‘I thought perhaps that your ladyship might be in want of a little ready money for your pocket, and I have brought you some,’ at the same time slipping into her hand a piece of paper, containing forty or fifty guineas, but adding, ‘I hope, when my lease is out, your ladyship will speak a word in my favour to my lord.’ Others had come with a similar intention, but the lady having been bred in England, disdained to receive such presents; and unwilling to be the means of encouraging so disgraceful a practice, politely rejected the offer.’ Vol. I. p. 298.

This corruption, according to Mr. Wakefield’s account, pervades the whole system of politics. ‘The royal canal was cut in a wrong direction, that it might pass near a great man’s estate.’ Regiments of militia have been raised, that individuals might have the privilege of nominating the officers, and barracks erected to create a market for an adjoining property.

‘During the existence of the Irish parliament, the very idea of honesty was held in derision. When a gentleman, whose wife and daughters were loaded with the weight of public money, rose to address the legislature, and began by saying, “If ever I gave an honest vote in my life,”—the roar of laughter was so great that he could not proceed. Were such instances uncommon, ridicule might produce some effect; but being general, venality loses its odious character, and individuals console themselves with the reflection, that others are as bad as themselves. But there is little difference between the senator who commences in this manner, whose notorious corruption is a source of merriment, and the perjured witness, on the table at a quarter sessions, whose witty answers entertain

the whole auditory, while the judge, perhaps, concludes that the amusement he has afforded, may be balanced against the profligat duct.' Vol. II. p. 803.

As a natural consequence, every public undertaking is esteemed 'a job,' and credit is given for it, in the opinion of the people, accordingly.

With respect to the state of *religion* in Ireland, Mr. Wakefield gives us very little information. Yet, amidst the various plans for bettering the condition of the poor, how can we hesitate to regard the encouragement of religion as of primary importance? It is so, not merely because it prepares the minds and morals of a people for better things than indolence and barbarism, but because under the most painful privations, and beneath the most galling tyranny, it soothes the sufferer with resignation, and inspires him with hope. Mr. Wakefield is, perhaps, of a different opinion, since he does not appear to have noticed the effects of religion in any of the numerous places which he visited, though he gives an extensive account of the church establishment, with its bishops, deacons, and archdeacons—lists of the parishes and their patrons—catalogues of Burgher and Antiburgher congregations—and a multitude of observations on Catholics—people, priests, and prelates. We hope the cause of this silence is to be ascribed to Mr. W's. considering the operations of religion a subject not referable to statistic politics. We say we *hope* this, because we would rather see an individual miscalculate the value of religion, than a nation so insensible to its benefits, that no traces of its existence are to be discerned, but in churches and mass-houses, tythe-gatherers and priests. It is, indeed, but too probable, that the effects of religion are far from being so evident, as to obtrude themselves forcibly upon the notice of the traveller in Ireland; yet have we observed, on more than one occasion, a manifest and a happy change produced in the lower class of Irish, by the Word of Truth.

While we lament that a faith productive of good works, is not more general among the commonalty, it is by no means to be imagined, that the forms and trappings of religion are lacking. The titles of 'Catholic' and 'Protestant' are asserted with fire and sword. Mr. Wakefield gives us the definition of an Irish Protestant, as he had it from a gentleman of candour:—'one who damns the Catholics, and never goes to church.' The Catholics he indeed describes as ignorant, oppressed, filthy, &c. but does not give us so comprehensive an abstract of their creed. Indeed if we were disposed to accuse Mr. Wakefield of unfairness in any part of his work, it would be for throwing a veil over the gross superstitions and absurd practices of the Irish Catholics. The Catholics

certainly, over and above the main point of antipathy to the Protestants, appear to have traces of religious worship, a profound respect for their priests, (though this is only partially the case) and numerous penances, incantations, &c: while the Protestants are fully satisfied of the validity of their claim to that proud denomination, if they detest and execrate the Catholics with a perfect hatred. In the unhappy hour when England attempted to bring over her Irish subjects to Protestantism, by an exertion of secular power, Protestantism and Catholicism may be said to have lost their characters as modes of religious belief. The Catholic teachers discountenanced by government, lost their respectability, and, under the united weight of neglect and contempt—for we wish to alledge no cause which might admit the smallest degree of doubt—sunk deeper and deeper, dragging their adherents with them, to the lowest abyss of ignorance and superstition. The Protestant teachers forced upon them, in vain offered a purer doctrine for which there was no demand. Instead of gratitude, they excited a hatred, proportionate to the exertions made to compel the people to embrace a new faith. The very name, in the minds of the native Irish, characterized the party of their oppressors, and of course was execrated with all the bitterness which the union of spiritual and temporal tyranny could inspire. Had England respected the religion of Ireland as she has done that of Canada—of Malta—of her various colonies and conquests—we have little doubt that Ireland would long ere the present day have become a Protestant country. But if not, Christianity would have at least escaped being disgraced by the crimes which have been, and are still perpetrated in her name, nor would the progress of truth be arrested by uncharitableness and rancour. Luther's observations, cited by Mr. W. on the incompatibility of temporal and spiritual power, are just and in place.

'It may be objected, "Though the temporal power have no right to compel any one in matters of faith and conscience, yet it may be the outward means of preventing people from being seduced by false doctrine. For how can heretics be otherwise hindered from disseminating their errors?" I answer, This is the province of the bishops; to them this office is committed, and not to princes. The word of God must fight these spiritual battles, if that does not do the business, temporal power will still less effect it, though it deluge the world in blood. Heresy is of a spiritual nature, no sword can cut it down, no fire consume, no torrent drown it; the word of God alone is of effect. Nor is there any thing which more effectually strengthens faith on the one hand, and heresy on the other, than an attack upon either, by mere force, unsupported by the divine word.'—Luther on Secular Government. *Wittenberg*. 1523.

This state of religion in Ireland must have an effect upon

the minds and morals of the people, diametrically opposite to that which it is the object of religion to produce. Where hatred is substituted for love, discontent will usurp the place of peace, and rebellion of obedience. We observed that the indirect influence of *our* constitution scarcely reached the Irish peasant, much less secured his esteem by conferring on him positive benefits. His uncultivated state exposes him to the impetuous influence of the passions, and his religious creed, instead of being a restraint, rather encourages him to acts of violence and rapine.

Such being the condition of the Irish Catholics of the lowest class, it has in the present critical situation of our country, excited general and well founded alarm. The Catholic population is a diseased limb of the empire, and the state doctors do not yet agree upon the mode of treatment, whether boldly to cut it off, or attempt to dress it into health. The Irish Catholic gentry declare that if they are permitted to sit in parliament they will so apply tonics and cordials, that the limb shall efficiently perform its functions within a short space, whereas others loudly protest, that the strengthening system has been pursued too long, and strenuously recommend the Sangrado practise of bleeding, blistering, and water gruel.

We do not here enter into the political merits of the dispute: but we are convinced that the emancipation, however necessary as a measure of justice, however expedient as a measure of policy, however effectual in short it might be as a means of silencing the murmurs of discontent, would exert only a remote and slow effect upon the great body of Irish Catholics. And this circumstance we think tells much in its favour, since a sudden accession of liberty, though but in idea, before there is a correspondent degree of moral knowledge to improve it, would be incalculably dangerous. Mr. Wakefield is a declared friend of Catholic emancipation as a political measure, and he brings forward powerful and solid arguments in its favour, arguments founded on facts, and the result of personal acquaintance with the Irish Catholics of all classes, and consequently of more value than volumes of declamation. We should not do justice either to our author or our readers, if we passed over his observations unnoticed.

‘I have regarded the Roman Catholics with sceptical attention, and from all I could observe, I entertain no fear of their injuring the empire if admitted to participate in its blessings, and to become full partners in its destiny. To conceal their physical strength is impossible; and if it were, it would not only be useless, but totally delusive. They are themselves acquainted with its extent, and that is the most cogent reason why it should not be concealed from the people of England. They have publicly stated their number to be five-sixths of the population of the

island The number of Catholics is alarming to many ; but, however great their body in Ireland, let it be recollected that they are blended with the general population of the united empire, and form but a small proportion of the whole ; therefore, the empire may derive assistance from their force, when necessary, without apprehension of that force becoming formidable.' Vol. II. pp. 500, 501.

He then contends, that there is no absolute necessity for an alliance between the state and a particular religious creed.

' Religious instructors are highly necessary to teach the people their moral duties ; to make them acquainted with the principles of justice in early life ; and to administer consolation on the bed of sickness and death. It is highly proper also that these men should be remunerated for their services, and enabled to support the dignity of the sacred profession. The ministers of religion, perhaps ought to be maintained by the government, and upon this ground I have commended the establishment at Maynooth ; the principle of which ought to be extended beyond education. The spirit by which it was planned and proposed, should lead to the payment of the catholic clergy. . . ' Vol. II. 502, 503.

That the Protestant and Roman-catholic persuasions may live in mutual amity and harmony, is proved beyond the possibility of contradiction, by the examples of Switzerland, Saxony, and other parts of Germany. But to argue the policy of equalizing all persuasions, from the example of China, Russia, and Ava, appears to us not a little injudicious. There are too many material differences existing between the inhabitants of those distant regions, and the natives of Ireland, in points influencing both politics and religion, to permit a fair parallel to be drawn.

The stigma affixed to the Catholics from the fact of some of their councils and writers having been venal enough to pronounce the unprincipled acts of their party justified by the tenets of their religion, Mr. Wakefield endeavours to remove by inserting the answers of the Universities of Louvain, Douay, Paris, Alcala, Valadolid and Salamanca to the three following questions :

' I. Has the pope, or cardinals, or any body of men ; or any individual of the church of Rome, any civil authority, power, jurisdiction, or pre-eminence whatever within the realm of England ?

' II. Can the pope or cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the church of Rome, absolve or dispense with his majesty's subjects from their oath of allegiance, upon any pretext whatever ?

' III. Is there any principle in the tenets of the catholic faith by which Catholics are justified in not keeping faith with Heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions, in any transactions either of a public or private nature ?'

They all, as may be readily supposed, repel the inuendos with indignation, and positively deny that any such power or principle exists.

But the length to which this article is extending under our hands, requires that we should hasten to the remaining topics which Mr. Wakefield's volumes embrace. With regard to *agriculture, manufactures and commerce*, it is somewhat surprising, that, labouring under so many and such grievous disadvantages, they should be so prosperous as they generally are. Nothing can be a more convincing proof of the great, natural advantages of Ireland, than the returns which it has yielded to the most imperfect degree of cultivation.

Mr. Wakefield's remarks on the geography of the island, are brief and cursory, and hardly enable us to estimate the facilities for *commerce*, afforded by its numerous harbours and bays. They have been amply illustrated by Mr. Newenham in his *View of the Natural and Political circumstances of Ireland*, where he observes,—‘ that there are not twenty harbours in England and Wales, which can be classed with forty of the best in Ireland: nor, with perhaps the single exception of Milford, which is about seven miles long and one broad, with from four to thirteen fathoms on a bottom of mud, is there one in the former, which can, in almost any respect, be compared with the best ten in the latter: and that if anchoring places be added to the harbours of each country, Ireland will rank above England, not only in capaciousness, safety and proportionate number of harbours, but likewise in the general number of places for the accommodation of shipping; there being one hundred and thirty-six harbours and anchoring places belonging to the former, and, as far as appears by the charts which the writer has examined, only one hundred and twelve in the latter.’

Inland trade, and the intercommunication between the interior of the country and the coast, are greatly facilitated by numerous navigable rivers; nor would canals, if requisite, often experience that insufficient supply of water for the summit level, which so frequently interrupts the line of communication in this country. Mr. Wakefield is however decidedly of opinion, that the commerce of Ireland does not yet need the assistance of canals, and that those which have been hitherto made have generally proved losing concerns.

‘ In every part of Ireland,’ says our author, ‘ which I visited, I was told of canals which ought to be constructed, at least in the opinion of those individuals with whom I conversed. Whenever the trade of this kingdom requires works of this kind, they will, no doubt, be constructed; but it is characteristic of the Irish, to cut a canal in expectation of trade, rather than to wait till trade demand it.’ Vol. I. pp. 650, 651.

The *roads* of Ireland are justly celebrated for their excellence, which they owe, partly to the judicious application of good materials, and partly to the disuse of heavy carriages.

But Mr. Wakefield concurs with all who have visited the country, in loudly lamenting the wretched accommodations afforded to the traveller. Nothing, he observes, affords so striking a proof of the state of trade in a country, as the condition of the *inns*, and the treatment which travellers experience in them, in Ireland.

‘ The buildings occupied for this purpose are of a very inferior kind, and the inn-keepers know nothing of that civility and marked attention, which form so conspicuous a feature in the character of the same class of men in England, and which, while they console the traveller for all his hardships, are the most certain means of increasing the revenues of their proprietors. In an Irish inn, the eye, as in France and Spain, is every where disgusted with filthy objects. The olfactory nerves also, are often affected by the noxious effluvia arising from the same cause: and if a waiter attend, which is not always the case, he is a being, who in general would form an excellent subject for some of our eminent caricaturists. His hair, most commonly, hangs down in a kind of pig-tail, but as it would be troublesome to untie it, he never uses a comb, and of course, none of the covering which nature has there given him is ever lost by cleaning. His hands, perhaps have not been washed for a month, &c. &c.

‘ The picture here drawn is applicable to the first rate inns in Ireland.’ But the inconvenience arising from bad inns, uncleanly waiters, and dirty accommodation, is trifling, when compared with the danger to which travellers are exposed through the defective state of the police. In the year 1808, a new stage coach was advertised as about to start from Dublin to Cork, and as an inducement to passengers, it was emphatically stated, that the vehicle was *lined with copper*, and therefore completely bullet proof Notwithstanding the wretched state of the Irish inns, the charges are enormous; equal to those made in the first taverns in London; and the perquisites which the waiters, chambermaids, hostlers, boots, &c. expect, greater than those ever given in England. I know of no comfort to be found in an Irish inn but one, that is clean sheets; and to the honour of the country, I found these in every place which I visited.’ Vol. II. pp. 665—667.

The *mineral riches* of Ireland have been but imperfectly explored. Mr. Wakefield has collected the observations of former writers on this subject, but does not appear to be conversant with mineralogy himself. The expectations of riches from the gold mines of Cronebane have been abandoned, and the copper works at that place are also discontinued. Indeed Mr. Wakefield asserts, on the authority of Mr. Weaver, that there is not a copper mine worked in Ireland at present, though, according to Mr. Newenham, 6269 tons were exported in 1808. Lead is obtained, but in no large quantity; and though iron-ore is abundant, it does not appear that much is converted into metal. Coals have been dug in several places, but Mr. Wakefield is of opinion ‘ that there is no vein of coal yet discovered in Ireland, which can come into general consumption.’

At present the method of obtaining fuel from the bogs at the expense of much lost time and labour, is more congenial to the habits of the poor Irish, than purchasing coals, however cheap, for ready money. These bogs, highly esteemed and watched over with jealous anxiety by the native Irish, are, of course, a great eye-sore to the English agriculturist; and Mr. Wakefield has gleaned much information respecting them, particularly from German and Danish authors. They certainly form a feature so strikingly characteristic of the country, and possess so important an influence on the manners and habits of the people, as to deserve minute attention.

‘According to a report made to parliament by a board of gentlemen appointed to examine the bogs of Ireland, it is estimated that they cover at least one million of acres; but as “mountain bog, and bog under five hundred acres” are excluded from the computation, the surface covered by them is, perhaps, much greater. The commissioners conclude that six sevenths of the bogs of Ireland occupy a portion of the island somewhat greater than one fourth of its whole superficial extent, included between a line drawn from Wicklow Head to Galway, and another from Howth-head to Sligo This district includes a number of bogs, called in general the “Bog of Allen,” which contrary to the prevailing opinion in England, is not one continued morass of immense extent, but consists of a number of bogs, adjacent to each other, and all contained within the belt described by the commissioners. They all, however, lie on the west side of the Shannon, and are for the most part of that kind called red bog, being very different in appearance from the deep black bog found to the south of Lough Neagh in the province of Ulster, or the high mountain bogs which I have seen in almost every part of the island.’ Vol. I. p. 91.

Besides the numerous trunks of trees that are so commonly found in turf bogs. Our author gives us various extracts and remarks, descriptive of different articles which have been discovered from time to time in morasses, in perfect preservation. Pots, pans and ladles—bags of nuts—heads of arrows—razors—cloth jackets—shoes—butter—‘a human body completely clothed in garments made of hair’—a shoemaker with his implements—nay even, ‘an instrument which might have been used for picking pockets’—appear in the list. But the most wonderful item is described by Mr. W. French in a letter to the author. It appeared on draining a lake, and may perhaps furnish antiquarians with a hint respecting the porter breweries of the ancient Irish:

‘In the highest part of the reclaimed land, there is seen a circular part resembling in shape the top of an immense tub, about sixty feet in diameter. The large planks which form the staves are from *one* to *ten* feet broad, and about six inches thick, quite straight, as far as has yet been possible to trace them downwards. None of them have been raised without cutting

them. At present there is *no appearance of either ax or saw having been used in the formation of them!* Vol. I. p. 94.

Mr. Wakefield adverts to several experiments which have been made, with very partial success, to reclaim these bogs, and also describes the works undertaken by Mr. Roscoe on Chat Moss near Manchester. From the whole it appears, that the attempt to reduce them to an arable state, meets with almost insurmountable obstacles. It is impossible to cultivate them while teeming with moisture, and when drained 'one might as well attempt to cultivate an immense wool pack.' 'In the present state of bogs, nothing but a covering of earth, clay, marl or limestone gravel will do any good.' The commissioners in our author's opinion have done little more than put the public in possession of reports on the principal bogs, with sections of the strata, at an expence of about 20,000l.

Mr. Wakefield thinks that Ireland affords no great diversity of soil, and that sand, chalk, and tenacious clays are unknown. We are inclined to doubt the accuracy of this statement, at least with respect to chalk and clay. Indeed the stratum upon which the grand basaltic formation of the county of Antrim rests, is no other than indurated chalk, with all the characteristics of nodular flints, belemnites, and other petrefactions which occur in the chalk of the southern and eastern counties of England. Calcareous gravel is frequent, and limestone abundant in most counties. Our author, refuses to admit that Ireland is decidedly, acre for acre, richer than England. If *soil alone* be considered, it certainly is not, but the great fertility of Ireland, seems to depend upon its being favoured with a climate suited to its soil. Abundance of moisture, and a sufficiency of solar heat, are probably the causes which call forth and support an excellent vegetation. This supposition is confirmed by the ease with which myrtles and other tender exotics flourish in the open air, even on the northern coast of Ireland. Our author has made very extensive collections in illustration of this part of his subject, but it must be allowed that the greater number of his quotations are very little to the purpose. Some readers who are in doubt whether Aristotle was a Dutch East-India merchant, may be misled by an error, either of the printer or transcriber, which accuses him of having monopolized the trade in *cloves* instead of *olives*.

The most decisive evidence of the fertility of Ireland will be found in the support which it affords to so numerous a population under circumstances confessedly unfavourable, and the surplusage of provisions which remains for exportation. The value of such a neighbour ought to be highly appreciated.

by England at the present moment, when her inability to support her population with the produce of her own lands is too evident to admit a doubt, and when the evils resulting from dependence on the granaries of foreigners have the effect of substituting paper for coin, and rendering laws necessary to establish the credit of a mercantile firm.

‘ If England must buy corn, let her confer the benefit of supplying her wants on her friends, in preference to strangers; when she can find a market at the door, why should she go to a foreign one? The soil of Ireland is so fertile, and the climate so favourable, that under a proper system of agriculture, it will produce not only a sufficiency of corn for its own use, but a superabundance which may be ready at all times to relieve England when she may stand in need of assistance.’ Vol. II, p. 61.

The extensive and almost exclusive attention paid by the Irish peasantry to the cultivation of their favourite food, the *potatoe*, naturally prevents wheat from being raised in sufficient quantity, to afford a very considerable surplus for the market. It may be desirable to introduce wheat-bread as an article of sustenance among the poorer Irish, because, while they raise a sufficiency for their own wants, they will also furnish a supply for the wants of their neighbours. But Mr. Wakefield carries his zeal to excess, when he argues, in general terms, that ‘ the *potatoe*-eating people in Ireland are *much* weaker than the English,’ and that they are subject to more diseases in their present simple mode of life, than they would be, if fed on a greater variety of aliments. Even admitting that the maximum of animal strength is to be attained by dint of beef and porter; granting that, for certain purposes, the dray-horse may be the best race of his species: it does by no means follow that a similar race of human beings, must be the most eligible even for agriculture and husbandry. From the table of the imports and exports of Ireland from 1771 to 1811, we find that the total value of corn exported in the year ending 25th of March, 1810, in grain, meal and flour, was £759,909; whereas in the same year the produce of cattle (not including sheep) in live stock, beef, pork, bacon, butter, lard, skins, tallow, &c. was £1,820,289, and the produce of sheep, in wool, yarn, &c. £19,998.

Mr. Wakefield, in his chapter on *rural economy*, adduces a great number of particulars relative to the rearing of cattle. The principal fattening land in Ireland is in Munster,—the markets, Cork and Limerick. Our author’s observations however do not place the conduct of the traders in a very respectable light.

‘ If contracts are made by commercial houses in England, agents attend the fairs in November and December, and generally give good

prices. If a peace is expected, as was the case in 1806, the merchants combine, and the graziers are completely at their mercy, and experience not only every kind of gross treatment and indignity from these *great men*, but suffer serious losses by the dishonesty of every person concerned in slaughtering cattle The contract depends upon the continuance of the war; but while it lasts, the holders of rich pasture lands all make fortunes.' Vol. I. p. 319.

There is much room for improvement in the breed of horned cattle, sheep, and horses in Ireland; but our author strongly objects to the introduction of the draught-horse, believing the usual method of conveying goods in one horse carts, much superior to the English manner of drawing them in warehouses on wheels. Hogs, the inmates of every Irish cabin, are generally fed, in common with the children, on potatoes. Mr. Wakefield does not profess to make a comparison between this mode and that usually adopted in England.

Our narrowing limits do not permit us to make any observations on our author's detailed account of the general system of Irish agriculture. Indeed we have already afforded sufficient evidence that it must be bad: *how* bad, we leave our readers to infer from some of Mr. Wakefield's concluding remarks:

* Bad fallows, vile implements, ragwort and thistles, banks without hedges, land saturated with water, meadows mown, and the grass carried off without any return, oats frequently the same, the whole manure of the farm absorbed by the crop of potatoes, are all striking defects, which will enable any one to judge of the state of agriculture in Ireland. Yet I must admit that a certain system is pursued, to which the farmers pertinaciously adhere, without the least exception. The first crop is potatoes; the land is then limed to call forth its productive qualities; and it is harassed in the most barbarous manner with one crop of white straw after another, till it becomes quite exhausted and unproductive for many years after. Necessity then interferes, and the land, according to the expression used in some countries is 'turned to rest,' or as said in others to waste. This is the end and result of all the exertions of an Irish farmer.' Vol. I. p. 580.

The principal *manufacture* of Ireland is, at present, linen. In 1810 the exported produce of flax seed, in linen, flax and seed, was estimated at 2,577,912*l.*, and in the preceding year it had exceeded 3,000,000*l.* According to Mr. Wakefield's table, the number of acres employed in raising flax is about 100,000, of which nearly one half are situate in the counties of Antrim, Armagh and Tyrone. The average produce may be estimated at 30 stone per acre, which at 10*s.* 6*d.* per stone, gives an annual produce of the raw material worth 1,500,000*l.* Spinning and weaving are generally performed at very low rates. The value of work done by a manufacturing labourer of Armagh amounts to no more than 14*l.* 6*s.* per annum, but

the finer fabrics are uniformly more lucrative. Considerable exertions have been made to encourage and extend this branch of industry, and much has been said and written on the subject: but Mr. Wakefield is adverse to its promotion at the expence of other claims.

‘I consider,’ says he, ‘any extension of this kind as highly pernicious, and pregnant with the most serious evils; nay after the enquiries I have made into the earnings of the manufacturers, and the statement I have given, which incontrovertibly shews, that as things are at present conducted, they are by no means equal to the earnings of agricultural labourers, I will not hesitate to assert, that the general extension of this manufacture, would carry with it an extension of poverty and famine, and that if it could be effected, even for a short period of time, it would prove the greatest curse that could be entailed on an unfortunate country.’
p. 699.

The manufacture of cotton has been recently introduced; it is rapidly increasing, and will probably, at no far distant period, either raise the price of labour in the linen manufacture, or almost wholly usurp its place. The other manufactures are of comparatively small importance, if we except *distillation*, which Mr. Wakefield introduces under this head. Of its importance to the *revenue* we may judge from Mr. W.’s statement, (extracted from the ‘Report of the Commissioners on Fees, Gratuities, &c.’) that the entire duty which should have been paid on home-made spirits consumed in Ireland, amounted to upwards of 2,280,000*l.* per annum, though the duty actually received thereon was little more than 664,000*l.* The *moral* influence of this vocation may be partly estimated from the circumstance, that, in five years from 1802 to 1806, 13,439 unlicensed stills, besides other apparatus, were actually seized; but the ‘Report’ must be consulted by those who wish to contemplate one of the most perfect systems of deceit on record, in the annals of financial government. Remoter effects upon the character of the lower Irish must be studied on the spot. Our author however brings forward a few documents to prove its important *physical* effects. The reduced price of spirits a few years ago is mentioned as the principal reason why the number of patients on the books of the ‘Sick Poor Institution of Dublin,’ in the year 1810, was greater by 1,006 than in the twelve months preceding; and, that in the Fever Hospital the monthly average of admission increased from 85 to 167, and the monthly average of deaths from 6 to 14.

‘The many wretched victims to this fascinating indulgence, are not confined to youth nor old age; to sex nor condition; so that an inconsiderate observer would be more inclined to conclude, that measures had been actually adopted more with a view to encourage this perverted appetite than to restrain it within moderate boundaries. So frequently do instances

of furious madness present themselves to me, and arising from long continued inebriety, that I seldom have occasion to inquire the cause, from the habit which repeated opportunities have given me, at first sight, of detecting its well known ravages.'

The supposed benefit to the revenue is justly represented by our author as an illusion, since the diminution which it sustains from the consequent prevalence of vice, idleness, and misery far more than balances its sordid returns.

Among the natural advantages which Ireland possesses, without applying them, extensively, either to her comfort or emolument, Mr. Wakefield places the *fisheries* in a prominent situation, and appears to have taken great pains in gathering information respecting them from a variety of authors. This branch of industry deserves attention from the demand occasioned by the observance of fasts by the Catholics, from the extraordinary facilities which the situation of the island affords, and from the advantage which such a nursery of seamen would prove to the nation. The Nymph bank to the south of Ireland, discovered by Mr. Doyle in 1736, appears to be admirably suited for the white fishery: and Mr. Dutton in his Survey of Clare asserts that '2000 vessels might be easily loaded in a season with fish of various kinds, and of the best quality.' The herring fishery appears to be very much upon the decline, though the western shore of Ireland is better adapted for this purpose than for the cod and ling fishery. The only boats used there, at present, are coracles, consisting of a wooden frame covered with a horse's or bullock's hide, and exactly resembling the Greenland women's boats, or Umiak, except that the latter are double the length of the Irish vessels. They are very buoyant, and Pliny's account that the ancient Britons crossed over in them to Ireland is perfectly credible. The total number of men enrolled as Sea Fencibles, which comprehends all the fishermen of Ireland, is stated by our author, from a list furnished by the Right Hon. W. W. Pole, at 9,911.

The length to which our observations have run, prevents us from either offering extracts from the remaining parts of Mr. Wakefield's work, or attempting to analyse his account of the *political* state of the country. Other and better opportunities of entering into that wide field of discussion will shortly be afforded us. As observed in the commencement of this article, we are far from considering this as the most valuable portion of Mr. W.'s publication; and it is therefore with the less reluctance that we have abstained from combining it with the views we have now endeavoured, however slightly and imperfectly, to sketch for the information of those who honour this journal with their perusal.

Art. III. *The Loyalists, An Historical Novel.* By the author of *Letters to a Young Man, A Tale of the Times.* 3 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. 1812.

SOME respect which we had contracted for Mrs. West as a well-meaning writer, but, especially, a pointed challenge 'to those only who have a relish for stern virtue and grave reflection,' which we consider as almost a personal address, induced us to take the present volumes into review; and now whether or not a few 'grave reflections,' suggested by the perusal, be such as she will cordially approve, we conceive ourselves forbidden by a 'stern virtue' to withhold them.

By a novel, however weighty may be its pretensions, we expect at least to be entertained. It is the essence of relaxation that it shall not fatigue, of an amusement that it really enliven us; and he that has only trifles to present, must provide, at least, that they are agreeable trifles, as palatable as they are wholesome. Conscious of this expectation, Mrs. West anticipates objection, and endeavours to meet the disappointment of her readers by premising, that it is no trifle which she presumes to offer—neither 'foreign luxuries,' nor 'modern cooking,' but 'plain old English food.' And, doubtless, some such apology was requisite; for the construction and execution of the work, as a story, are below remark; and can no otherwise excite the idea of a 'luxury,' than as the whole might well be dispensed with.

'The tale she chooses as a vehicle, aims at conveying instruction to the present times, under the' solemn 'form of a chronicle of the past;'—and to this end, it is little more than a determined apology for Charles the first. But when a kind of silent compromise has been made between indignation and pity, and personal sufferings or virtues have been allowed, in some degree, to mitigate the severity of censure, it is seldom the part of judicious friendship to drag the unhappy character again into notice, and to refresh the public memory with circumstances, which it would be more charitable to forget, than to attempt to palliate. Nor is it probable, that such as are habituated to look with a calm eye, even upon those great events which involve the interests of nations, should be ultimately sighed or terrified out of sober conviction, resulting from deliberate research, by a novel,—much less, we conceive, by such a novel, as that with which we are here presented.

If any thing in form of a proposition could be disentangled from the perplexity of thought and expression which characterises the present volumes, a few, such as the following,

might appear to have been laid down by the author, for the conduct of her work.

King Charles the first, seeing that he was *King Charles the first*, was the most innocent, most excellent, and most injured of blessed martyrs.

All opposers of this innocent prince were, without doubt, the wickedest miscreants of mankind—Judas and Pontius Pilate (not) excepted.

No language is sufficiently expressive and heart-rending, to describe the final crime of these regicides; the bare recollection of which, is ever to plunge all loyal subjects in extremest despondency.

Nevertheless, they are, at all times, seasons and opportunities, as in duty bound, to recollect the same.

The church, such as it was then, such as it is now, such as we devoutly hope it ever will be, is immaculate, infallible, and is to be defended by all her dutiful offspring, whether agreeably to truth and conscience,—or otherwise.

All separatists from this church, (with one single exception for the sake of charity,) were and are enthusiasts or hypocrites, or, as much as possible, both.

All persons desiring to see with their own eyes, are enemies to our holy religion; or dangerously presumptuous in their state of mind—no layman being capable thereof. Or, finally, if he were, he had better not.

With this corps of invincibles, by means of which all intrusion of inconvenient facts, principles, and inferences, is precluded, Mrs. West sallies forth into the fields of controversy, both political and religious, and there exhibits (for old acquaintance sake we are concerned to say) an equal degree of temerity and weakness, of unfairness and want of skill—commanding as little the gratitude of one party, as the respect or apprehension of the other.

Resolute in her vindication of the prince, our author proceeds, as in duty bound, to vilify the people; and for this purpose, attempts to delineate the religion of the times under the most disgusting features of enthusiasm and hypocrisy. Without a single stroke of nature, or any thing like individual marking, to assist in developing her idea, she bestows upon it incessant labour, and touches and retouches with persevering imbecility. But even if the religion of the popular parties had been exclusively such as here represented, we should still have two objections to this elaborate portraiture; one, upon the ground of taste, the other of principle. From the historian we require the truth, and the whole truth. His materials may be coarse and unpleasing, but he is responsible only

for their being genuine. In this respect, the writer of an historical novel possesses one advantage, which, by the laws of taste, he is bound to exercise. Should his subject appear incorrigibly disagreeable, he must relinquish it: if only partially so, he must select and modify, at least so far as that the offensive shall never be prominent: it may be given at a glance, but it must not be rudely exhibited, nor long dwelt upon. Nothing, on the contrary, can be more unpleasing, than those representations which are placed by Mrs. West in the fullest light. Instead of indicating disgusting character, by well chosen definite touches, by which the imagination is neither defiled nor distressed, and which brighten and relieve the composition by forcible contrasts rather than by loading it with shade, Mrs. West presents the broad portrait in distinct ugliness, and this, not only without apology, but with seeming pleasure, and at every possible opportunity; till good taste resents the vulgarity, as well as good principle the profaneness, to which it is thus familiarized. The sight is a painful one—a human deformity—which can only distress a delicate eye, and which it is not in duty called to behold. Purity in taste, as well as in morals, is best preserved, not by studying among the foul and revolting, but by contemplating pure models, by familiarity with whatever is chaste and elegant; and if an anomaly sometimes arises in a Hogarth, or a Crabbe, where Genius sets a barbarous foot upon Taste, in order to pursue its own eccentricities without restraint or remonstrance, we regard it as a daring exception to rule, and not as a precedent by which rule is abolished.

But if thus far our objection is a matter of taste, we have a more serious charge upon the ground of principle. And here, to say the least, we are unable to discover any *good* likely to result from such an exposure of fanatical impiety. Unless Mrs. West designed her work for a very low and particular circulation, and foresaw the humble trades and offices through which it might pass, in detached sheets, to the generality of her readers, we perceive neither motive nor apology for the labour she has bestowed. Is it possible that readers having 'a relish for stern virtue and grave reflection' should require it? is it possible, rather, that it should not irrecoverably disgust them? No one it is true, can more essentially serve the Christian cause, than by detecting those errors, which, according to the predictions of its founder, continue to grow up, as tares among the wheat. Impressed with the necessity of attaining correct views of Christian truth and practice,—with a tender concern for the immortal interests of man, endangered by false

conceptions—and evincing, throughout, a lively regard to the glory of God, that writer is justly revered, who endeavours to present religious truth in all its bearings, as it stands in scripture; who detects the sophisms by which false inferences and licentious conduct are derived from sound and pure principles; who enters into the coverts of the heart, to dislodge the plausible error by which it is deceived, or the secret sin which it consents to cherish. But the labours of such a writer are distinguished by a degree of caution—of solemnity—and by a conscientious delicacy of touch, which renders it evident, that no side stroke is intended to fall upon genuine piety, and which prevents such a misapplication from being made by scoffing or even by careless readers: misconstruction, and the suspicion of a treacherous design, are equally guarded against. But when the language of piety is put into the mouths of the impious, and, partly pure and partly corrupt, is exposed to derision or inevitably excites disgust, the consequence is, a vague confounding of sincere and hypocritical character: and, subsequently, whenever similar terms are employed, similar baseness is attributed, however different the situation, the character of the speaker, and the meaning affixed to them. Thus, the purest doctrines, and feelings the most genuine, become the objects of indiscriminate reprobation: all feeling is stigmatized as enthusiasm; every mystery is resolved into absurdity; zeal, into fanaticism; and conscientious self denial into hypocritical sanctity.

We presume that few Christian readers have perused the poems of Mr. Crabbe, and more especially his "*Borough*," without acutely feeling the evil of which we here complain. By referring, for a moment, to a writer so generally known, we may illustrate our remarks upon the obscure performance before us. It must be acknowledged, then, that from the sloughs of vice into which Mr. Crabbe appears to dive, with a strangely inelegant pleasure, such characters might be dragged as the sanctimonious villains he so often depicts. Undeniably, there *are* depraved pretenders to religion in the world. But does it not appear equally manifest, that a mind feeling delicately for the honour of religion, could never have voluntarily become their historian? Is it not obvious that by portraits thus gross and revolting, the correct sensibility of Christian readers is shocked and violated? To decide upon the propriety and utility of such exhibitions, it is only necessary to observe their effect upon the sceptical or the profane. Vital religion, however pure, is the object to which they attach descriptions which properly apply to none but its basest counterfeits; and, with effrontery re-assured, they compliment their own impiety as frank and generous, in comparison with what they regard,

in every instance, as hypocritical devotion. The pleasure and triumph with which such productions are read by men of the world, prove clearly the light in which they are viewed, and the licentious inferences which are drawn from them. For, with readers of this description, it cannot be a desire to distinguish and vindicate genuine piety, which renders such writings acceptable. To confound piety with hypocrisy, truth with error, as it has ever been the artifice of the father of lies, continues to be the characterizing aim of such as are led captive at his will : and to behold religion in its native gracefulness—pure, without moral stain, and simple without addition and foreign ornament—excites the inveterate malignity of both;—the determined opposition of force, of sophistry, or of wit.

Exactly the same effect as is produced by these representations of Mr. Crabbe, would result, we conceive, from those of Mrs. West, if exhibited with equal ability, and introduced, thereby, to equal notice. Successive pages are filled with displays of coarse, broad, distressing impiety, to no good purpose, as it appears to us, but offending extremely against pure taste and religious feeling. It is true, we are constrained to tolerate, in the case of some illustrious offenders, representations of an unpleasant kind; they are given so much with the force of genius, and preserve so chastely the simplicity of nature, that we almost forgive the offence; or, at least, we acknowledge the plea of a powerful temptation to extenuate the outrage. But when a feeble writer is seen labouring after his idea, instead of driving before it, we have no mercy to waste upon such wilful, persevering transgression.

Few of our readers, it is probable, will undertake to judge for themselves, of the propriety of any remarks we may offer. It would be a labour to which, in charity, we cannot advise them. But in order to form some idea of the enlightened views and historical accuracy of this zealous writer, a few specimens may suffice. In describing a certain somebody, she observes, that 'he was a Christian:' an 'indispensible requisite,' of course, but not, it seems, of paramount importance, for, '*yet more,*' says our author, 'he steadily adhered to the established church.' From this distinct avowal, this judicious climax, it will be expected, that Mrs. West is not a little adventurous in friendship, or courageous in combat. But any hope, excited by the appearance of so hardy a champion, is annihilated by the unhappy concession with which she commences a formal and elaborate defence of her favourite establishment. '*The Church of England, like all human institutions,*' &c. Certainly, the friends of the establishment will start to see the fabric thus undermined, and that by so zealous an ally. Pronounce any Church to be a human institution, and you thereby

at once distinguish it from the Church of Christ; a kingdom which is not of this world, either in its origin, its governor, its spirit, or its principles. Declare any church to be a human institution, and, like other human institutions, its authority must depend upon human opinion, and free, individual consent. Its enactments may, or may not be just; its decisions must be fallible: and doubtless any who could trace their own ritual and discipline to higher, to divine authority, would not only be justified in dissent but would even be criminal in conformity.

But upon the rights of conscience, as including those of private judgement, the views of Mrs. West are of that enlightened kind, which distinguished the monastic retirement of the tenth or twelfth centuries. In a formal conference between a presbyterian, and an episcopalian divine, which the passage already cited most unhappily introduces, the former, having rashly asserted, that, 'all opinions might be promulgated with equal freedom, and every person left at liberty to interpret scripture as he pleased, and to serve God in his own way,' Dr. Beaumont, the personifier of Mrs. West's theological sentiments, conceives in reply:

'That the adoption of this plan would give occasion to much talk about religion, but would ripen none of its fruits. The attention of most men, would be too much engrossed by temporal pursuits, to exercise this privilege of choice, till sickness or calamity urged them to think of a future world. Weak minds would be ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, and the best disposed would be most apt to fall into error from extreme solicitude to be right.' 'So there would be endless dispute, nice sifting of abstract ideas, and censorious inquisitiveness into the spiritual state of our neighbours, but little humility, charity, or true piety; which consist in grateful adoration of, and sincere obedience to our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, and not in speculations on the incomprehensible nature, and unfathomable purposes of God. From such unedifying pursuits, our church, in her articles, dissuades even her riper members! how much more then must she in her elementary instructions, avoid exciting a taste for them in the tender minds of her catechumens.'

To much of this we should say, too true, Madam! very good! right indeed! but not at all to the point,—to your own point, or any connected with it. Without doubt, 'the attention of most men is too much engrossed by temporal pursuits'; but your prescriptions are in no way calculated to lessen the evil. The only way to do this, it appears to us, is to require men to think for themselves. And certainly we are at a loss to discover, in what respect any creed could be beneficial to men, whose minds were too much occupied to attend to it, too groveling to perceive its value, and too ignorant and unthinking, to make it rationally their own.

But, without disputing every inch of ground thus entangled and insecure, we acknowledge that we do understand Mrs. West, and perceive that her train of reasoning is designed to prove the utility of having opinions as by Law established, in preference to conviction resulting from individual inquiry. But does she intend to enforce this reasoning by adding soon after, 'most assuredly, human governments have no power to inhibit man from interpreting the word of God as his conscience dictates?' Seeing, that a house divided against itself cannot stand, we augur ill for Mrs. West's logic, unless one or the other of these propositions be withdrawn. The plan from which, in our author's opinion, these frightful evils, this spiritual anarchy, would result, is that of leaving 'every person at liberty to interpret scripture as he pleased, and to serve God in his own way.' Yet, if none 'have power to inhibit him from interpreting the word of God as his conscience dictates,' we are at a loss to devise any reasonable plan, essentially different; and must leave it to the further ingenuity of Mrs. West, or the Lady Margaret Professor, to find out the difficult medium.

If—after due consideration, and all reasonable deference to whatever is ancient or instituted, to the opinions of great men, and little men, of good men, and bad men—if ultimately it should appear, that this dangerous plan is founded upon apostolic practice, and conforms to the clear precept of scripture, we shall feel neither responsible nor anxious for the result. Should we perceive the authority of heaven for every man's being "fully persuaded in his own mind," rather than in that of his spiritual teacher; should we meet with any popular command to "search the scriptures"—any eulogium upon such noble believers, as, instead of yielding implicit assent, even to apostolic teaching, examined the scriptures for themselves, and thus became rationally, not authoritatively convinced; should precepts and facts such as these be found in the Bible, we shall tremble neither for the church at large, nor for the meanest of its members, in the exercise of Christian liberty thus supremely authorised. It is not denied, that even truth may be abused and perverted; or that institutions clearly divine are exposed to those evils which attend the present disordered condition of human nature. 'All the plans of benevolence which have ever been devised,' says a Christian orator, 'have proceeded on a necessary compromise with contingent evils.' But these, which belong to the subject, and are in no respect chargeable upon the system, are incomparably less to be dreaded, than such as accrue from the qualifications and super-additions of human wisdom. Man, at his peril, puts forth a hand to that ark, which God undertakes to conduct in safety.

Proceeding in the conference already noticed, (which taken place, it is necessary to observe, in the middle of the seventeenth century,) as far as to the episcopal constitution of the church, Mrs. West compendiously observes, (in order, we conclude, briefly to set aside all further controversy,) that 'such, without exception, was the government of the church for nearly sixteen hundred years: and during that period, scarce any objections were started against its utility.' From what epoch does our author calculate this peaceful period? Mosheim informs us, that, 'in early times' (when, if ever, we presume the true apostolic discipline could be ascertained) 'in every Christian church the people were undoubtedly the first in authority; for the apostles shewed, by their own example, that nothing of moment was to be carried on, or determined, without the consent of the assembly.'—'It was therefore the assembly of the people which chose their own rulers and teachers, or received them, by a free and authoritative consent, when recommended by others.' And Dupin, a Catholic, speaking of the *three first centuries*, says, that 'after the death of those ministers, who were appointed by the apostles, the people chose them.' 'By an orderly subordination of Deacons, and Presbyters, to their Bishops;' says an episcopalian writer, Dr. Cave, 'of Bishops to their immediate Metropolitans, of Metropolitans to their respective Primate or Patriarchs; and by a mutual correspondence, between the several Primates of every Diocese, the affairs of the Christian church were carried on with great decorum and regularity.' This constitution, not framed till the time of Constantine, was, as the Dr. ingenuously admits, 'a human contrivance,' modelled upon the plan of the Roman civil government;—an admission so similar to that which we have already noticed in Mrs. West, that we are disposed to leave her in quiet possession of such respectable authority; and make no further comment, upon the uniform, episcopal discipline of the church, during the first sixteen centuries.

How fatally blinding is party zeal! and of what magnitude are the prejudices (if we must not say, how great is the dissingenuousness) of a determined champion!

'The venerable Archbishop Laud,' says Mrs. West, 'that eminent defender of the Protestant faith, after suffering a long imprisonment, was dragged to the scaffold. Thus, the parliamentary commissioners set out for Uxbridge, with their banners dipped in the blood of the highest subject in the realm; the head of the Anglican church; and his Majesty's personal friend!'

As friends to the king, we should certainly have suppressed this confession, so little to his majesty's personal credit. But waiving the want of judgement with which our au-

thor executes her own designs, we advert merely to the *venerable* character of the prelate, whom she regards with such tender devotion. A short extract from his diary, which may not be familiar to some of our readers, but which entirely agrees with the impression left by his general conduct, will render it somewhat difficult, we presume, to entertain that reverence which is repeatedly challenged for him by this enlightened admirer. The case referred to is that of Dr. Leighton, the father of the celebrated Archbishop of that name; and the detail of whose sufferings, during a period of eleven years, was so harrowing to the feelings of humanity, that when presented in a memorial to the Commons, the reading of it was repeatedly interrupted by their tears. The memorandum is as follows; 'Friday, Nov. 16. Leighton was severely whipped; and being set in the pillory, he had one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and branded on one cheek with a red hot iron; and on that day se'nnight, his sores upon his back, ear, nose and face not being cured, he was whipped again at the pillory in Cheapside, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of the nose, and branding the other cheek.' While this sentence was pronouncing, the *venerable* prelate stood up, and gave God thanks for it. The crime of Dr. Leighton, well known for talents and learning, was a work, published by him, offensive to the prelacy; while others, written by avowed papists in support of the church of Rome, were sanctioned and patronized by this *eminent defender of the protestant faith*; a man, too nearly akin in temper and principles, to him upon whom the title of defender of the faith, was first bestowed. The zeal of Laud for re-introducing the ritual superstitions of popery, is sufficiently known; and from it, as Lord Clarendon observes, 'proceeded a schism among the bishops themselves, and a great deal of uncharitableness among the learned and moderate clergy, towards one another. For many who loved the established government of the church, yet liked not any novelities, and so were liable to entertain jealousies that more was intended than was hitherto proposed.' Must we not repeat, how fatally blinding is party zeal! and of what magnitude are the prejudices (even if we do not say, how great is the disengenuousness) of a determined champion.

The few promiscuous extracts already made are sufficient, we presume, to illustrate that part of our author's creed which we condensed for her into a regular proposition—that the church is to be defended by all her dutiful offspring,

—whether agreeably to truth and conscience, or otherwise. In vindicating the royal sufferer, she exhibits not less strikingly the constancy and temerity of her friendship; and neglects no opportunity, which either presents itself or can be contrived, for lauding his character, or for lamenting his misfortunes. ‘The unhappy Charles, faultless as a man, and at worst only ill-advised as a monarch,’ says Mrs. W. Now, even if we were disposed to allow, that the principles of veracity, of humanity, of honour and justice, might be violated by a king, without impeaching his innocence as a man, we should scruple to admit that the public errors of this unhappy prince, were solely those of his counsellors. To the ‘fatal inflexibility of the king himself,’ must be attributed some of the leading mischiefs of his reign, and determinations heavy with blood. It is observed by Coke, his apologist, ‘that as his actions were *without counsel*, sudden and inconsiderate; so were his resolutions as variable and uncertain;’ and ‘if any advised him against his will he would never ask it after.’ Bishop Burnet asserts, that ‘he hated all who offered prudent and moderate counsels. He thought it flowed from a meanness of spirit, and even when he saw it was necessary to follow such advices, yet he hated those who gave them.’ We are further informed by Lord Clarendon, that, after his standard was erected at Nottingham, and the parliament had invited him to return, ‘all hopes of an army seeming desperate, he was privately advised by some, whom he trusted as much as any, and whose affections were as intire to him as any man’s, to give all other thoughts over, and instantly to make all imaginable haste to London, and to appear in the parliament house before they had any expectation of him. And they conceived there would be more likelihood for him to prevail that way, than by any army he was like to raise. And it must be *solely* attributed to his Majesty’s *own* resolution that he took not that course.’ But Lord Clarendon, who certainly was his majesty’s personal friend, and Bishop Burnet, in writing the History of his Own Times, could not of course, be so accurately informed upon such subjects as these as Mrs. West.

In what manner our author acquits herself as an impartial historian, and enlightened controversialist, and with what care and judgement she enters upon a difficult service, our readers may now be able, in some degree, to ascertain. For ourselves, we advise, (and we conjecture that the advice may not be wholly new to her,) that she abstain from controversy till she have learned to reason; and by no means expose a favourite cause, whether religious or political, by en-

deavours so mortifying to its friends, and, if in theological warfare such a term is allowable as its enemies, so satisfactory to them. Perhaps, considering the disadvantages under which she labours—the contracted and clouded views she has habituated herself to take—her pitiable entanglement of thought and expression—and the consequent inconclusiveness of her most elaborate reasonings—it would be too severe, to complain of any misrepresentations with which she endeavours to compensate these defects. For denied the assistance of mis-statement, and false colouring, what can be done, in a doubtful cause, by a poor logician?—what indeed, but relinquish it? But to this happy alternative, Mrs. West appears to be pertinaciously disinclined. Expostulation, remonstrance, warning, do but animate this intrepid controversialist. Yet, if she could hear a friendly whisper, amidst the clatter of weapons she has so little skill to wield, we should intimate, that the retired occupations of a “Mother,” or the story of a “Gossip,” are best suited to her situation, her opportunities of research, and her ability to reason; and that to consign King Charles to the care of Lord Clarendon, and the Established Church to that of Bishop Hooker—to all, or even to any of the bishops,—might be nearly as politic, as to stake their reputation upon the learning and the arguments, of Mrs. West,—an *eminent* novel writer of the nineteenth century.

Art. IV.—*Comedies of Aristophanes*, viz. the Clouds, Plutus, the Frogs, the Birds. Translated into English with notes, 8vo. pp. 500. Lackington and Co. 1812.

THERE is, perhaps, no species of composition, of which we can so easily conceive the first occasion and rude beginnings, and the minute and gradual improvements, as of comedy. Nothing appears more natural, than that at some season of unrestrained hilarity, at harvest-home, or when the vintage was got in, some wicked wag, full of the “*veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ*,” should undertake to amuse his companions with the oddities of a ridiculous or obnoxious individual. He would suppose him in some ludicrous situation—put on his face as well as he could—use his cant phrases and particular gestures—and, exaggerating and caricaturing the whole, he might manage to give the taste and malignity of his rude audience a very tolerable afternoon’s entertainment. To support a monologue, however, would be difficult and tedious, and his memory would easily supply him with more than one fit subject of mimicry. He would probably, therefore, soon introduce two characters in dialogue, playing the two parts

alternately, till some one of his companions, ambitious of his honours, should rid him of half the burthen, and sustain the conversation with him. It would then become necessary to preconcert, in some measure, the story and the dialogue; and two successful performers would soon draw a company around them. They would next claim some reward for their trouble, and would wander about, amongst villages, a kind of strolling *improvisatori*, exacting, at fairs and festivals, contributions from the lovers of drollery. They would contrive a moveable booth in which they might receive their audience in unfavourable weather. By a natural division of labour, the dialogue would soon be provided for the performers 'by another hand,' and the poet and the player would become distinct personages. The taste of the auditory would in time become more fastidious, and dresses must be used, appropriate to the characters. Rude scenery too would begin to be introduced; and these would gradually improve, as the fables of the poet, still employed about particular and well-known persons, grew more attractive, and drew more forcibly the attention and liberality of the public.

The strolling company would, from a consideration of interest, manage to be at any particular place, at the time when the pomp and pageantries of Pagan worship had attracted thither a great concourse of people,—as they do in fact, among ourselves, follow in the rear of the fairs. Thus the festivities of the theatre would connect themselves with the solemnities of religion, and hence we may account for the introduction of the Chorus, who, in the infancy of the drama, interrupted the action of the piece with hymns in honour of the gods. When regular theatres were established, this connection was necessarily dissolved, and the chorus then took a wider range.

It appears certain that in the time of Aristophanes, (who, all our readers know, was the chief of the old school of comedy,) great magnificence and dexterity must have been attained in the scenery and machinery of the stage. We do not argue from the expence and management requisite for the *adequate* representation of some of his comedies, as, for instance, of the *Clouds*, where the introduction of the chorus, and the conflagration of the school, would require considerable ingenuity; or of the *Birds*, of which the winged 'dramatis personæ' would occasion inexperienced *dress-makers* much perplexity; or of the *Frogs*, in which the passage of Styx is a matter of even greater difficulty;—because we know the poet is used to make the greatest demands upon the good nature and imagination of the audience, when the wardrobe and

machinery of the theatre, the least intitles him to do so. When our stage had scarcely sufficient decorations to distinguish a country-house from a banquetting-room, Shakspeare introduced his *Tempest*, with a dialogue on board a ship, in a storm at sea, and Beaumont and Fletcher had occasion for a sea-fight. But it is upon record, that the Athenians lavished great sums upon the drama; that Æschylus frightened pregnant women into miscarriage by his Chorus of Furies, and that, in consequence thereof, a decree of the state diminished the number of the chorus from fifty, (an army of players not often poured, we imagine, even on the stage of Covent-garden,) to fifteen. Of all the advantages which spectacle could give him, Aristophanes, probably, found it necessary to make use, as he was supporting the old comedy against the rival writers of the *middle school*, and as his partisans, therefore, must have been chiefly among the populace, who may be supposed most likely to be taken with the tricks and finery of the play-house.

We say that the partisans of the old comedy must have been principally among the populace: for the personality and scurrility of its satire was such, as we can scarcely conceive to have been tolerated among persons of any high degree of civilization. Not only was the greatest possible freedom taken with the names of notorious individuals, but the very persons were introduced upon the stage, and masques devised, that copied and caricatured their countenances. Thus Socrates is the hero of the "*Clouds*;" the "*Knights*" was written against Cleon, who had been imprudent enough to hint at the expediency of restraining the petulance of Aristophanes's muse. Euripides is one of the *dramatis personæ* in several plays. Æschylus, Demosthenes, Nicias and others, all play their parts in turn. Of the personality of the dialogue the reader may take a few specimens. '*Si quis erat dignus describi,*' says Horace, '*multa cum libertate notabant.*'—On the first entrance of the Chorus of Clouds, Strepsiades asks,

'If these be clouds, (d'you mark me?) very clouds,
How came they metamorphos'd into women?

Socr. This it is in short,

Hast thou ne'er seen a cloud which thou could'st fancy
Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf or bull?

Streps. Yea, marry, have I, and what then?

Socr. Why then

Clouds can assume what shapes they will, believe me;
For instance; should they spy some hairy clown
Rugged and rough and like the unlick't cub
Of Xenophantes, strait they turn to centaurs,
And kick at him for vengeance.

Streps. Well done, Clouds?
But should they spy that peculating knave,
Simon, that public thief, how would they treat him?

Socr. As wolves—in character most like his own.

Streps. Aye, there it is now, when they saw Cleonymus,
That dastard run-away, they turn'd to hinds
In honor of his cowardice.

Socr. And now,
Having seen Clisthenes, to mock his lewdness
They change themselves to women.' pp. 35—37.

In the "Frogs," Bacchus tells Hercules, he is going to the shades to bring back Euripides.

Herc. With what design?

Bac. I want a clever poet*. We've none left:—
Our modern ones are wretched.

Herc. How? I pray,
Is Jophon† dead?

Bac. The only good one he
Remaining, if he's certainly a good one:—
But that's a question I am not so clear in.

Herc. But if to th' shades you go to seek a poet,
Say why not Sophocles, as he's the senior.

Bac. Not him by any means, unless indeed
I could keep Jophon separate from him,
To try what he without his sire can do.
Besides, Euripides, a crafty fellow,
Will do his best to get away with me;
But Sophocles, as here, is there content.

Herc. Where's Agathos?

Bac. He's gone away from me,
A worthy bard, the darling of his friends.

Herc. Poor fellow! where?

Bac. To th' banquet of the blest.

Herc. Where's Xenocles?

Bac. I care not;—hang the dog!

Herc. Pythangelus?

Xanth. Why talk you not of me?
I'm sure this shoulder's bruis'd most horridly.

Herc. Say, are there not besides an endless tribe
Of beardless dramatists, who prate so fast,
They beat Euripides by many a mile?

Bac. Aye those young sprigs, that chatt'ring nest of swallows,

* *I want a clever poet.* Bacchus was supposed to be interested in the composition of tragedy, as his festivals were the principal occasions upon which tragedies were exhibited.

† ———— *We've none left,*
Our modern ones are wretched.

An application of a line out of the Ceneus of Euripides.

‡ *Jophon.* A tragic poet, the son of Sophocles, supposed to avail himself of his father's writings.

Corrupters of true taste ; and wondrous vain,
If by uncommon luck they chance to get
A single play appointed for performance.
But wheresoe'er we seek, we ne'er can find
A bard endow'd with powers to produce
Some work of genuine fancy.' pp. 284—286.

In the *Plutus*, Chremylus and his servant Cario thus exalt the power of the god of riches, whom they have just got into their hands.

• *Ch.* Is it not this man that maintains the army in Corinth ?

Ca. Shall not Pamphilus † by his means howl ?

Ch. And along with Pamphilus his friend Belonopoles ?

Ca. Is it not for his sake

We bear with all Agyrrius' brutal filth ?

Ch. And the long stories of Philepsius ?

Ca. Did not he make our treaty with the Egyptians ?

Ch. And that of Lais with Philonides ? V. 172 of the original‡.

This is 'Te Lupe, te Muti,' with a vengeance.

It must be remembered that these were names well known to the audience ; and the reader will best perceive the unlimited freedom of the Athenian stage, by supposing for a moment such notorious names substituted in the foregoing passages, as Castlereagh, Whitbread, Wellington, Wilberforce, Canning, Mrs. Clarke, or as Walter Scott, Baillie, Montgomery, Rogers. What employment for the counsellors ! What discussions of the libel-law !

Nor is Aristophanes a whit more tender of his immortals. When Bacchus makes his descent, in the *Frogs*, he puts on an old lion's-skin of Hercules's. Now Hercules himself had once descended to the shades, and stolen away the 'mastiff Cerberus' and the Lion's-skin is recognized by Æacus, one of the judges of the dead, who thereupon threatens Bacchus with all the punishments of Tartarus, and goes out to prepare them. Bacchus, in his fright, persuades his slave Xanthias to put on the fatal dress. Then

'Enter a Maid Servant of Proserpine.'

M. S. Welcome, dear Hercules ! Walk in, I pray.

Soon as the goddess heard of thy arrival,

She straightway bak'd new bread, put on her pots

With herbs and pulse for porridge, on the fire

* In quoting from any plays, besides 'the Clouds' and 'the Frogs' we are obliged to translate for ourselves. Why we should do this in the 'Plutus, and the Birds,' translations of which lie before us, will appear hereafter.

† Pamphilus, he was a rich usurer at Athens, who had been in public office, and rubbed the treasury ; of which being convicted, his goods were confiscated.

‡ The edition that we quote throughout is that of Brunck. Ox. 1810.

Laid a whole ox, and made most curious cheese-cakes.
So pray walk in.

Xanth. Thou'rt very kind.

Boy ! follow with my things.

Bac. Stir at thy peril.—

Because in sport I made thee Hercules,
Art thou for being so in earnest ? Cease
This idle jesting, Xanthias, and again
Hoist up thy pack and carry it.

Xanth. How's this ?—

Thou can'st not think of stripping me so soon
Of thy own gift ?

Bac. Not soon, but instantly.—

Down with the skin.

Xanth. I do attest the fact ;

And to the gods commit my cause.

Bac. What gods ?

O foolish vanity ! to hope to pass
For Hercules, when but a slave and mortal.

Xanth. 'Tis well. Here take it ; but ere long, please God,
Thou may'st again perhaps be suing to me.' pp. 317—318.

Enter Landlady.

Landl. Plathana ! Plathana ! Why here he comes,
The very rogue that went into our inn
And eat up sixteen loaves.

Plath. By Jove ! the same.

Xanth. There's mischief brewing here for somebody.—

Landl. And twenty dishes ready drest !—those too
Not your low priz'd ones truly.—

Xanth. Somebody

Will pay for't—

Landl. Then a quantity of garlic.—

Bac. Woman thou rav'st : thou know'st not what thou talk'st.

Plath. Did'st think forsooth I should not recollect thee
In those fine buskins ?

Landl. Not to say a word
Of all the potted meat, and the green cheese
Which in the very vat the knave devour'd.—
And then when I insisted upon payment,
He frown'd at me, and roar'd most horribly.

Xanth. Exactly like him.—'Tis his common practice.

Landl. Then, like a madman, out he drew his sword.

Xanth. Alas poor woman !

Plath. Terrified at which
We ran in haste up stairs ; and he mean time
Took to his heels, and carried off the dish-clouts.

Xanth. That's he again.

Plath. But something should be done.

Landl. Make haste and call the president Cleon ;
Bring too Hyperbolus, if thou can'st meet with him,
That we may punish him.—Ah shameless glutton !
Had I a stone, I'd knock out those vile grinders
With which thou eat'st my property.

Plath. And I—
Would plunge thee in the fatal pit.

Landl. And I—
Would with a knife cut that voracious throat
That swallowed down my cakes.

Plath. But I'll to Cleon,
And bring him to examine thee this instant:—
He'll fetch it out of thee, I warrant him. [*Exeunt L. & P.*]

Bac. Perdition seize me but I love thee, Xanthias.

Xanth. I know, I know thy purpose—but no more :
No more. I'll not be Hercules.

Bac. Not so
My little Xanthias !

Xanth. What I?—In me
'Twere foolish vanity to hope, to pass
For Hercules, when but a slave and mortal.

Bac. I know thou'rt angry at me, and with reason ;
But strike me if thou wilt, I'll not reproach thee :
And if in future I again would strip thee,
May I myself, my wife and family,
And blear-ey'd Archedemus vilely perish.

Xanth. I do accept this oath of thine ; and now,
On these conditions, I resume the skin.' pp. 317—324.

Plutus is described as, (Plutus, v. 260 of the original) ' a dirty, hunch-back'd wretch, all over wrinkles, with no hair on his head, nor a tooth in his gums'—and Mercury gets off no better.

Nor are the solemnities of the Pagan religion less pertinaciously devoted to ridicule. When Plutus is carried to the temple for the recovery of his eye-sight, Cario the slave goes with him, and the next morning thus reports the matter to his mistress, who asks him what other invalids were present.

One Neoclides, a blind man, but such
As can outshoot in knavery and theft
Many with two eyes in their heads ; and others
Plenty, with sore diseases of all kinds,
From all parts. Well, the priest put out the lamps,
And wished us all good night, forewarning us,
If any one should chance to hear a noise,
He must say nothing. So we all lay down
In order due ; but I to little purpose,—
I could not sleep ; a porridge-pot which stood
At an old woman's head, had wrought in me
Such aspirations after it : at last
I ventured to look up ;—good heaven ! the priest
Was sweeping from the sacred table all
The wafers, and the figs, and after that
Visited every altar in its turn
To see if any eatables were left.

All these he set apart—in his own bag.
I thought there must reside in that same act
Some mighty virtue, so I started up
To the porridge-pot directly.

Mistress. Oh you wretch!
Had you no fears of the god?

Cario. Aye, marry had I,
Lest with the advantage of his crown he might
Get to the pot before me; the old priest
Had taught me what to look for in that case.
The ancient crone, listening the noise I made,
Put out her hand. I gave a hiss, and caught it
Between my teeth, as if I'd been a serpent.
She drew it back into the bed at once:
And there she lay, coil'd up in perfect silence,
Sweating for very fear. And so I sup'd
The porridge up, and when I'd had my fill
Gave over.

PLUTUS, v. 665 of the original.

The Knights furnishes us with a mock oracle. Demosthenes and Nicias are contriving how to deprive Cleon (the tanner) of the ascendancy he has acquired over the populace. Demosthenes finds it written in an oracle that the tanner is to be succeeded by a sausage-seller, and meeting with a sausage-seller, reads him the oracle.

'When as the tanner-bird of crooked claws,*
Shall once have seized the dragon in his jaws,
Stupid and gorged with blood; then perish, then,
The o'erbearing Paphlagonians, leek-fed men,
For sausage-sellers mighty glories spring,
Unless they stick to trade and tripe-selling.

Sausage-Seller. And how does this then point at me? Com-
tell me.

Dem. The tanner-bird is this Paphlagonian Cleon.

S. S. But then the *crooked claws*.

Dem. This only means,
His hands are admirably formed for filching.

S. S. What does the *dragon* point at?

Dem. This is plainest
Of all; a dragon's long, and so is a sausage;
A dragon's gorged with blood too, so is a sausage.*

KNIGHTS, v. 197 of the original.

The political and moral tendency of an unbounded freedom so unmercifully used, we are not grave enough, after rising from the farces of Aristophanes, to consider at any length. The religion, however, which could *invite* and *tolerate* such abuse

* From comparing v. 197 with vv. 204, 205, we would certainly read *σφαγιαστής* for *σφαλαστής*.

of itself, its ceremonies and its gods, could not be worth defending from it. As to the benefits resulting to society, from the poet's having a lash put into his hand, wherewith to scourge corruption and immorality from the land, we think it pretty evident that, where he gave one stroke out of regard to the public good, he would give two from personal pique, and twenty to make the spectators laugh.

Leaving this question, however, the *poetical* effect of the freedom of the stage is evident enough. It tended to produce farce instead of comedy. That comedy, whose province it is to imitate life and manners, should then degenerate into farce, when it attempts the character of an existing individual, may at first sight seem a paradox. But the truth is this. If the poet looks out among the notorious personages of his day, for a subject whereupon to fasten his satire, and wherewith to make his audience laugh, he will be caught, not by those minute traits at which comedy smiles, and which he might mingle and mould into an original character, but by those bolder oddities and eccentricities which he may at once embody in farce, and by which he may safely challenge the 'broad grins' and horse laughs of good-natured spectators. Why, for instance, was Socrates chosen as the hero of a comedy? Assuredly, not because he was a compound of comical qualities, which every one, whether he knew any thing of Socrates or not, might be sure to recognize in some one or other of his acquaintance. No, but because the poet wanted to laugh at—probably, thought to laugh down—the petty quibblings and disingenuous sophistry of the schools. How far Socrates was justly made the vehicle of his satire is another question: he has certainly succeeded in his intention—made the schoolmen completely ridiculous—but he has not drawn a *character*. He, indeed, who wishes to draw one, will proceed after a very different fashion. Choosing the passion or habit of mind, which he purposes to hold up to ridicule,—take avarice for instance, or a pedantical attachment to any branch of learning,—he will not forthwith personify it, as Moliere has the former in his *Avare*, and Pope the latter in his *Scriblerus*: but he will connect with it many a little trait of peculiarity, which he has treasured up, and which he now finds will assimilate well, or which, perhaps, he observes nature has generally combined, with the character under his hands. Thus we have a being presented to us, of like passions and infirmities with ourselves: we grow familiar with it, and forget, in time, that it is but a creature of the poet's fancy. Compare with *Harpagon*, and *Scriblerus*, the *Briggs* of *Miss Burney*, or the *Walter Shandy* of *Sterne*, and something of this will, we think, be discerned in a moment.

Nature never leaves the mind, any more than she does the face, with but one feature: and the poet who exhibits a mind as all anger, for instance, or who brings it forward in those situations only where nothing but anger is visible, is about as true to nature as the portrait-painter who should sketch a face all nose. To mix up different qualities into one character,—to form a white “workday” light, out of the colours of the rainbow, is the business, and it is no easy one, of the comic poet.

The ancients, even when they left off bringing particular personages on their stage, have from whatever cause very little of comic character. They had but few elementary ones. Terence has pretty amply enumerated them in two of his prologues. It was the business of the comedian, he says,

‘to exhibit

- ‘ Slaves running to and fro, to represent
- ‘ Good matrons, wanton harlots, or to shew
- ‘ An eating parasite, vain-glorious soldier,
- ‘ Suppositious children, bubbled dotards.’

Again, he mentions,

- ‘ The running slave,
- ‘ The eating parasite, enrag’d old man,
- ‘ The bold-faced sharper, covetous procurer.’*

From these elements the poet was to work, when he attempted any thing of *general* character, and it is wonderful how like one another are their *dramatis personæ*. The running slaves are very Dromios, and the Masters Antipholis’s. You cannot tell them apart. We look in vain for a character wasted and work’d into some whimsical shape, by perpetual tossing and tumbling in the great deep of human life and manners. The ancients were content with drawing a species; but the most exquisite comedy is that which paints the individual—the individual, with the dispositions that nature gave him, and the oddities it has collected, in sweeping through the world. Analyse Falstaff, ‘unimitated, inimitable Falstaff.’ A wit and a coward nature made him,—and has made many others: ‘evil communication’ with vicious companions, moulded him into a drunkard, and a debauchee, and a liar and a thief; there is a pleasant smack of consequence about him, which his knight-hood gave him; and his intimacy with Hal makes him swagger with the Lord Chief Justice, and pretend to an acquaintance with Lord John of Lancaster. There is not one heterogeneous quality about the character; and yet Aristophanes might have hunted through all Athens, with the philosopher’s lanthorn to boot, before he met with a Sir John Falstaff, to make a farce

* Prologues to the Eunuch and Self-Tormentor.

Colman’s translation.

upon. Where is there any thing like him in all antiquity? or like Sir Roger de Coverley—or Squire Western—or ‘My Uncle Toby’?

To return, however, to Aristophanes. His own genius appears to have inclined him strongly to farce. The incidents, the dialogue, the characters of all his pieces are those of farce, rather than of comedy. In the *Frogs*, we are alarmed with the appearance of a dead man upon the stage, not for the rational and laudable purpose of being buried, but to refuse the carrying of Bacchus’s bundle across the Styx. In the *Wasps*, a dog makes his appearance; he is, however, a much more modest performer, than his brother in the ‘Witch of Edmonton,’ his whole part if we are not mistaken, consisting in ‘hau, hau.’ A chorus of birds may pass, perhaps; but who but Aristophanes and the Americans, ever heard of such vocal performers as frogs?

All these absurdities, however, while they do not pretend to be natural, are rendered very laughable by Aristophanes. He has a broad humour about him, and a biting wit, that are quite irresistible; and is altogether as superior to our present-day writers of comedy, as—but there is no ratio between a finite quantity and nothing.

We are therefore very glad to see a beginning made towards putting him in an English dress. The present volume consists of four plays, the *Clouds*, as translated by Cumberland, and long known to the English reader; the *Plutus*, by Henry Fielding, Esq. and the Rev. Mr. Young; the *Frogs*, by Dunster; and the *Birds* now first translated by ‘a member of one of the universities.’ ‘If the plan,’ says this ‘member of one of the universities,’ ‘upon which the *Birds* has been executed, shall be found acceptable to the public, we shall speedily commit to the press a second volume, containing a version of the *Wasps*, the *Acharnians*, the *Peace*, and the *Knights*.’ For our parts, we are inclined to think, that ‘the plan’ will not be found ‘acceptable to the public.’ The *Birds* is rendered, with a singular want of judgement, into plain prose, as the *Plutus* had been before it,—‘a sort of comico-prosaic style,’ as the ‘member of one of the universities’ is pleased to call it. Those who think that a familiar and colloquial blank-verse, rising, as occasion may require, into poetry, or descending into the looseness of prose, is the best style for comedy in general, may have their opinion confirmed by consulting the preface of Colman to his translation of Terence. We have only time to remark here, that Aristophanes himself wrote in metre, which is, of itself, with us, a sufficient reason why his translator should do so too; and that he intro-

duces, sometimes in banter, and sometimes in earnest, very dignified and splendid passages into his pieces, to the proper representation of which mere prose is wholly inadequate. How, for instance, would the dispute of the two tragedians in the *Frogs* have appeared in prose? Or what has prose to do with the solemn strains of the following theogony?

O mortals, heirs of darkness, feeble race,
That flourish like the leaves a little space,
Ye puny tribe of shadows, things of clay,
Poor mortals, unfledged beings of a day,
Dream-like and vain; to us awhile attend,
To us who live for ever, know no end,
Know no decline of age, reside in air,
And meditate immortal musings there,
Attend, &c.
In older times, ere earth, or heaven, or light,
Were Chaos, Tartarus, Erebus, and Night.
'Twas then, in Erebus' abysses dread,
That black-wing'd Night did, self-impregnated,
The egg produce, from which, as time ran by,
Love sprung all-lovely, and of laughing eye,
Wings at his shoulders, shadowing to his feet,
Of golden texture, and as whirlwinds fleet.

BIRDS, v. 686 of the original.

Or the fluent nonsense of this pretty namby-pamby?

' Muse, that lov'st the wood and spring,
Tio, tio, tio, tinæ,
Pastoral muse of dappled wing,
Tio, tio, tio tinæ,
Perch'd with whom in leafy shade,
On the hill-tops, in the glade,
Tio, tio, tio, tinæ,
I have poured thro' mellow throat,
To our Pan the holy note,
To the goddess of the hill,
For her dance, the choral trill,
Toto, toto, toto, tinæ,
Whilst from the sweet-breathing measure,
Phrynigus, like wandering bee,
Suck'd ambrosial poesy,
Storing up the honied treasure.

Tio, tio, tio, tinæ.' BIRDS, v. 737 of the original.

Yet these passages are actually done into in threadbare prose in the work before us.

The satire of the *Clouds* is directed, as we observed before, against the schoolmen: the comedy is written, as Cumberland remarks, with great dramatic skill, and a sufficiently strict ad-

herence to 'all the best rules of composition.' 'His plot, simple, clear, and sufficiently interesting, opens upon the audience in a very masterly and striking style, is wrought up and supported by a variety of comic incidents through the middle scenes, and in the catastrophe closes with great spirit and strict poetical justice, administered to the several characters which it employs.' The first scene is a bed-chamber. Strepsiades 'is discovered in his chamber, Phidippides sleeping in his bed'—time, before break of day.—The old man, after giving a very ample account of his son's debts, extravagance and jockeyship, at last discloses his 'notable scheme for amending his falling fortunes.

Streps. Phidippides!

Precious Phidippides!

Phidip. What now, my father?

Streps. Kiss me my boy! reach me thine hand—

Phidip. Declare,

What would you?

Streps. Dost thou love me, sirrah? speak!

Phidip. Aye, by equestrian Neptune!

Streps. Name not him,

Name not that charioteer; he is my bane,

The source of all my sorrow—but, my son,

If thou dost love me, prove it by obedience.

Phidip. In what must I obey?

Streps. Reform your habits;

Quit them at once, and what I shall prescribe

That do!

Phidip. And what is it that you prescribe?

Streps. But wilt thou do't?

Phidip. Yea, by Dionysius!

Streps. 'Tis well: get up! come hither, boy; look out!
Yon little wicket and the hut hard by—

Do'st see them?

Phidip. Clearly. What of that same hut?

Streps. Why that's the council-chamber of all wisdom:
There the choice spirits dwell, who teach the world

That heav'n's great concave is one mighty oven,

And men its burning embers: these are they,

Who can show pleaders how to twist a cause,

So you'll but pay them for it, right or wrong.

Phidip. And how do you call them?

Streps. Troth I know not that,
But they are men, who take a world of pains;
Wond'rous good men and able.

Phidip. Out upon 'em!

Poor rogues, I know them now; you mean those scabs,

Those squalid, barefoot, beggarly impostors,

The mighty cacodæmons of whose sect

Are Socrates and Cærephon. Away! pp. 16—18.

The son resolves against the scheme, and the father determines to learn the art of cheating his creditors himself. He knocks at the door of Socrates's academy, and, after a spirited parole with the disciple who opens it, discovers the great philosopher suspended in a basket, holding communications with his goddesses—the clouds.

Socr. Sublime in air,
Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me,
Its cogitations all assimilated
To the pure atmosphere, in which I float ;
Lower me to earth, and my mind's subtle powers,
Seiz'd by contagious dulness, lose their spirit ;
For the dry earth drinks up the generous sap,
The vegetating vigor of philosophy,
And leaves it a mere husk.' p. 28.

Strepsiades discloses his wish to learn the great art of 'bilk-ing his creditors,' and is graciously received by the chorus of clouds.

Streps. A fig for powers of spouting ! give me powers
Of nonsuited my creditors.

Chor. A trifle—
Granted as soon as ask'd ; only be bold,
And show yourself obedient to your teachers.

Streps. With your help so I will, being undone,
Stript of my pelf by these high-blooded cattle,
And a fine dame, the torment of my life.
Now let them work their wicked will upon me ;
They're welcome to my carcase ; let 'em claw it,
Starve it with thirst and hunger, fry it, freeze it,
Nay, flay the very skin off ; 'tis their own ;
So that I may but fob my creditors.' p. 42—43.

Socrates, soon discovers the impracticability of the pupil he has to do with.

Soc. O vivifying breath, ethereal air,
And thou profoundest chaos, witness for me
If ever wretch was seen so gross and dull,
So stupid and perplexed as this old clown,
Whose shallow intellect can entertain
No image nor impression of a thought ;
But ere you've told it, it is lost and gone.
'Tis time however he should now come forth
In the broad day—What ho ! Strepsiades—
Take up your pallet ; bring yourself and it
Into the light.

Streps. Yes, if the bugs would let me.

Soc. Quick, quick, I say ; set down your load and listen !

Streps. Lo ! here am I.

Soc. Come, tell me what it is

That you would learn besides what I have taught you ;
Is it of measure, verse, or modulation ?

Streps. Of measure by all means, for I was fobb'd
Of two days' dole, i' th measure of my meal.

Soc. Pish ! who talks
Of meal ? I ask which metre you prefer,
Tetrametre or trimetre.

Streps. I answer—
Give me a pint pot.' pp. 54, 55.

All will not do, however; the old clown is in truth most resolutely dull, and the chorus at length advise him to depute his son in his stead : and with this intention the old man goes home. Phidippides is at length prevailed upon, and brought to the school. And here follows 'an interlude' between two 'allegorical personages,' Dicæus and Adicus, 'contending for the possession of their pupil.' The object of the poet is to bring before his audience the question between past and present education into full and fair discussion, comparing the principles of the schools then existing, with the pure and moral discipline of former times. Some parts of this interlude are in a very dignified style of poetry.

'The scholar's test was silence. The whole group
In orderly procession sallied forth
Right onwards, without straggling, to attend
Their teacher in harmonies ; though the snow
Fell on them thick as meal, the hardy brood
Breasted the storm uncloak'd : their harps were strung
Not to ignoble strains, for they were taught
A loftier key, whether to chant the name
Of Pallas, terrible amidst the blaze
Of cities overthrown, or wide and far
To spread, as custom was, the echoing peal, &c.

Adicus. Why these are maxims obsolete and stale ;
Worm-eaten rules, coeval with the hymns
Of old Cecydas and Buphonian feasts.

Dicæus. Yet so were train'd the heroes, that imbru'd
The field of Marathon with hostile blood ;
This discipline it was that brac'd their nerves
And fitted them for conquest.'

'Be wise, young man,
Turn to the better guide, so shall you learn
To scorn the noisy forum, shun the bath,
And turn with blushes from the scene impure :
Then conscious innocence shall make you bold
To spurn the injurious, but to reverend age
Meek and submissive, rising from your seat
To pay the homage due, nor shall you ever
Or wring the parent's soul, or stain your own.' pp. 75—77.

'But in the solemn academic grove,
Crown'd with the modest reed, fit converse hold

With your collegiate equals ; there serene,
 Calm as the scene around you, underneath ;
 The fragrant foliage where the ilex spreads,
 Where the deciduous poplar strews her leaves,
 Where the tall elm-tree and wide-stretching plane
 Sigh to the fanning breeze, you shall inhale
 Sweet odours wafted in the breath of spring.
 This is the regimen that will insure
 A healthful body and a vigorous mind,
 A countenance serene, expanded chest,
 Heroic stature and a temperate tongue ;
 But take these modern masters, and behold
 These blessings all revers'd ; a pallid cheek,
 Shrunk shoulders, chest contracted, sapless limbs,
 A tongue that never rests, and mind debas'd,
 By their vile sophistry perversely taught
 To call good evil, evil good, and be
 That thing, which nature spurns at, that disease,
 A mere Antimachus, the sink of vice.' pp. 78, 79.

The victory and the pupil rest with Adicus. Strepsiades, in the mean time, is 'shut up in measureless content,' and, satisfied that his son will soon be able to defend him in the courts, dismisses his creditors in no very civil manner.

At length the wonder comes forth, 'lined with logic not his own.' His first attempt at reasoning is to prove his right to beat his father. This right he exercises pretty liberally, and the old man, heartily sick of philosophy and Socrates, concludes the piece by setting the academy on fire. To the praises deservedly lavished on Mr. C.'s translation of this comedy, our tribute of applause can add nothing.

The *Plutus* is a very pleasant farce. Our readers may find a more copious abstract of it than we could afford room to give, in the 464th *Spectator*. We add two short passages to those we have already extracted from this piece. The first is part of the attempt of Chremylus and his slave Cario, to convince *Plutus* of his importance.

'*Ch.* No one ever had his fill of Thee ;
 There is satiety in all things else—
 In love.

Ca. In bread.

Ch. The fine arts.

Ca. Sweetmeats.

Ch. Honour.

Ca. Confectionary.

Ch. Valour.

Ca. Grocery.

Ch. Ambition.

Ca. Hasty-pudding.

Ch. Arms.

Ca. Pease-porridge.

Ch. But no one ever had his fill of Thee,
Give him ten thousand,* strait so much the more
He wants fifteen, and if he reach fifteen,
Thirty's his aim, and without thirty thousand,
Oh, life is not worth living.' v. 188. of the Greek.

The rest are almost the only serious lines in the comedy.

(*Poverty speaks.*)

'It is the beggar's life, to live on nothing,
The poor man's to live sparingly, his mind
Bent on some honest business, not abounding,
And yet not wanting. v. 552.

Every thing needful for a modest maintenance
I furnish ; I sit by the artizan,
And like a mistress, mete him out his task,
Thus urging him by want to seek a livelihood. v. 532.

Fools ! ye consider not, how far the men
I educate, excel the sons of Plutus
In intellect and limb. With him the gouty,
The dropsical, swollen legs and bloated fat :
With me the slim, the slender, and the active,
'Those whom an enemy fears.' v. 558 of the Original.

We are not, however, in quite so great a hurry as not to notice the abominable way in which this play is translated. The English is indeed *generally*† faithful to the letter of the original, but for the spirit—a schoolboy would be whipt by an indulgent pedagogue if he should construe in such a bald, humdrum manner. We hear of the '*oblique deity*,'—not Vulcan, who, some of our readers may remember, was kicked from heaven to earth by his father, and limped ever after ; this '*oblique deity*' is none other than *Δοξίας*, Apollo, the gay, the beautiful, the gallant. Then Cario is '*extremely vehemently inquisitive*.' Then we have this spirited, humorous, and gentlemanly imprecation ;—'I then desire much grief may attend thee.' We hear of one who is '*a miserable dog in his own nature*,' and are obliged to look to the Greek for an interpretation. '*Whence* doth this fellow talk in such a manner?' is a mode of expression very familiar to the English reader. The orators are '*careful of conserving rights*'—for which vide Mrs. ———'s Book of Cookery. These specimens of correct and beautiful English are taken quite at random.

If, however, the translators have not preserved the humour

* We use the English way of reckoning money. This we have defended on a former occasion. (Review of Howes's Persius.)

† Should any of our readers be malicious enough to wish for exceptions to this assertion, he may turn to p. 173, line 10. and note ; p. 174, line 5, and note ; 190, line 4, 212, line 13, and some few other places.

very skilfully in the text, they have been sufficiently industrious in pointing it out in the notes.

'Twenty hangings' There is something very humorous, as M. Dacier remarks, in this desire of killing poverty twenty times over, as if a single death was not sufficient security to them.' p. 190.

Moreover,

'There is something very humorous' in the endeavour of Chremylus to persuade Plutus that Apollo, who presided over physic, had communicated to him the method of curing his blindness, and no less pleasantry in the concern Plutus (from his fear of Jupiter, which hath been mentioned before) expresses lest Apollo should be in the secret.' p. 155.

Again,

'The ridiculous exhibition of Esculapius, in the character and with the implements of an apothecary, cannot fail to strike.' p. 218.

'A stroke of nature which every ordinary reader cannot take.'

And so on through the play. Then again the difficulties of the translation are diligently enumerated.

'How! Why, he would not know how.' In this instance, as many others, we have with great labour and care preserved the Greek ambiguity, which may give some pleasure to our learned readers.' p. 143.

'There is a way.' The learned will observe with what difficulty we have here preserved the very phrase of the original, which no other translator hath endeavoured.' p. 192.

All the indecencies too which were too gross for an English eye, are carefully pointed out in the notes. *'With all the qualifications: our reader is at liberty here to guess what these are: we cannot, with decency, render the Greek more literally: M. Dacier and Mr. Theobald have modestly omitted it.'* (p. 165.) Again, *'the illustration is none of the cleanliest, but may easily be guessed at by those,'* &c. But the favourite amusement of the notes is to point out every coincidence of translation, between M. Dacier and Theobald, with which, however, we are inclined to think the reader will not be so much delighted as the writers.

Come we next to the Frogs, admirably translated by Dunster. Bacchus, as we have said, accompanied by Xanthias, his slave, descends to the shades; denies, asserts, re-denies, and re-asserts his godhead. A pleasant scheme is at length hit upon to determine which is the god, Bacchus or Xanthias.

'Bac. I counsel somebody to have a care
Of putting me, who am a God, to th' question:
If he persists, sirrah, impeach thyself.

Æac. What's that thou'rt saying there?

Bac. That I'm a God,
Bacchus, Jove's son;—this fellow's but my slave.

Æac. Do'st thou hear this?

Xanth. I do acknowledge it,
And think him so much fitter for the lash;
For if he is a God he will not feel it.

Bac. In this case, since thou call'st thyself a God too,
Why should'st not thou be flogg'd as well as me?

Xanth. 'Tis very fair; and he who first cries out,
Or seems at all affected with the blows,
Be he no more consider'd as a god.

Æac. Thou art, I must confess, a lad of spirit,
Since thou acced'st so readily to justice.—

Strip both.

Xanth. But how to try us equally?

Æac. Most easy that. You shall have stroke for stroke.

Xanth. I'm satisfied.—Mark if thou see'st me flinch.

Æac. I struck thee then.

Xanth. No truly.

Æac. So it seems.—

I'll strike this fellow.

Bac. When?

Æac. I struck thee sure.

Bac. How happen'd it I sneez'd not?

Æac. Nay I know not.—

I'll make another trial here.

Xanth. Come, come.

Prithee dispatch—oh! oh!

Æac. What's this—oh! oh?

Did'st feel me?

Xanth. No. I was considering when
Hercules's feast begins at Diomeia.

Æac. Mighty religious!—Turn I here again.

Bac. Hallo!

Æac. What now!

Bac. I see some horsemen yonder.

Æac. But why these tears?

Bac. Sure I smell onions somewhere.

Æac. Does nothing else affect thee?

Bac. Naught at all.

Æac. Return I to my other gentleman.

Xanth. Ah me!

Æac. What now?

Xanth. Be pleas'd to pick this thorn out.

Æac. What is the matter?—Here again I turn.

Bac. Pythian, or Delian, O Apollo hear!

Xanth. He felt it then. Thou heard'st him?

Bac. No—'Twas only

One of Hipponax' verses I repeated.

Xanth. He minds thee not. Strike him i' th' guts.

Æac. Not he.—

Stand fair.—

Bac. O Neptune!—

Xanth. Some one felt it then.

Bac. From Sunium's brow that rul'st the azure waves!

Æac. By Ceres 'tis impossible to learn
Which of you is the God—so e'en walk in.
Pluto and Proserpine will surely know you,
As they are Gods themselves.

Bac. Thou speakest well.—

And yet I wish this plan had been adopted
Before I'd undergone the flagellation.* pp. 327—330.

Æschylus and *Euripides*, it seems, are contending for the tragic chair; and divide the votes of *Tartarus*. They hold a solemn disputation. We have room only for a single passage.

Eur. My prologues do me credit.

Æsch. Not they; yet I shall not examine them
With all the forms or verbal criticism,
But try them by applying any words
Adapted to chime in with thy sweet strains.*

Eur. My prologues to be try'd by such a test!

Æsch. By nothing else. In truth they're so compos'd,
That join we to them any jingling words
Which suit the metre, they'll ne'er hurt the sense.
I'll prove it to thee instantly.

Eur. Thou'lt prove it?

Æsch. Ev'n so.

Bac. But thou must first repeat some lines.

Eur. "Egyptus, as fame's loudest voice relates,
With fifty sons in his advent'rous bark,
Landing at Argos,"†

Æsch. Lost his candlestick ‡

Bac. What about candlestick? Plague take the fellow!
Try him again. Let's know what he'd be at.

Eur. "In fawn-skin clad||, and brandishing his thyrsus,
Bacchus, who on Parnassus' piny steep
Leads his brisk chorus,"—

Æsch. Lost his candlestick.

* But try them by applying any words
Adapted to chime in with thy sweet strains.

I have taken some latitude in the translation of this part, to make the meaning of the comic poet more intelligible. His design here is to show that *Euripides* was chiefly studious in his compositions of a certain correctness of numbers, and that his versification owed all its beauty to a cadence he much affected. To prove this, *Æschylus* says, he will take any set of words that will suit for the conclusion of an iambic verse, and let *Euripides* repeat as many of his prologues as he pleased, he would engage to affix them to one of the first three lines, and whether the versification or sense should be injured by it.

† "Egyptus, as fame's loudest voice, &c." From the *Archelaus* of *Euripides*.

‡ Lost his candlestick. I have endeavoured to preserve the ridiculous effect of the original, by translating the Greek *λαμπάδιον*, or *little lamp*, a candlestick.

I am however inclined to suspect, that the words *λαμπάδιον ἐπώλειεν* are not merely a metrical completion of an iambic verse, but have also a meaning equivalent to the Latin proverb "*Oleum perdidit*—he has wasted his lamp-oil," i. e. mispent his time, and that they contain a reflection on *Euripides* for the great pains he took in finishing his compositions—by the frequent polishing and retouching of which *Aristophanes* would insinuate he had destroyed all their spirit and vigour.

|| "In fawn-skin clad." From his *Hypsipyle*.

Bac. Again he hit us with his candlestick.

Eur. No matter! Here is one to which I'm certain
He never will be able to apply it.—

* "There's no man who in all respects is blest ;
Either he's nobly born, yet poor ; or sprung
From abject fathers—"

Æsch. Lost his candlestick.

Bac. Euripides!

Eur. What now!

Bac. I think I see thee
Short'ning thy sails, as fearful of a storm.

Eur. By Ceres! it affects me not the least :—
This very time, I warrant, it shall fail him.

Æsch. Let's hear it. But beware o' th' candlestick.

Eur. "Bending his steps from Sidon's city,† Cadmus,
Sprung from Agenor"—

Æsch. Lost his candlestick.

Bac. Poor fellow! can'st not buy this candlestick,
Before he mar our prologues with it quite?

Eur. Buy it of him?

Bac. 'Tis what I would advise.

Eur. Truly not I. I've prologues still in plenty,
To which I'm sure he never can affix it.—

"The son of Tantalus to Pisa borne‡
By rapid coursers—"

Æsch. Lost his candlestick.

Bac. Again he introduc'd the candlestick.
Part with it to him, Æschylus, by all means ;
Thou'lt get an excellent one for an obol.

Eur. Not so, by Jove!—I've many more to come.—
"I th' fields when Æneus"—||

Æsch. Lost his candlestick.

Eur. Pray wait, 'till I've repeated the whole line.
"I th' fields when Æneus gath'ring in his sheaves
To offer first fruits"—

Æsch. Lost his candlestick.

Bac. What at the sacrifice? Did some one steal it?

Eur. Nay mind him not.—Let him apply it now.—
"Jove, by that name§ he justly is address'd."

Bac. He'll do for thee with this same candlestick.
In truth it makes thy prologues look as strange
As a man's eye with a vast tumour o'er it.—' pp. 379—382.

Of the Birds we have neither room nor inclination to
speak at any length. The fable seems to us unfortunate, and
the humour unintelligible. The translator, has, we will
venture decidedly to say, entirely mistaken the manner of
his original, and has rendered the whole in the broad coarse

* "There's no man who in all respects is blest." From his *Sthenobæa*.

† "Bending his steps from Sidon's city." From his *Phryxus*.

‡ "The son of Tantalus to Pisa." From his *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

|| "I th' fields when Æneus." From his *Meleager*.

§ "Jove, by that name." From his *Melanippe*.

style of modern farce. We can assure the 'member of one of the universities,' that such was not the style of Aristophanes. Had he never met with the hacknied distich—

Αἱ χάριτες τέμινος τι λαβεῖν ὅπερ οὐχὶ πιστῆται
Ζήτησαι, Ψυχὴν εὖρον Ἀριστοφάνους.

Art. V. *Particulars of the Life of a Dissenting Minister.* Written by Himself. With occasional Reflections, illustrative of the Education and Professional state of the Dissenting Clergy, and of the Character, and Manners of the Dissenters in general. 12mo. pp. xvi. 188. Price 5s. 6d. in boards. Adlard, Jones. 1812.

THE attractive title of this publication is likely to produce, amongst various and opposite classes of readers, no small portion of disappointment. It is certain that the *soi-disant* Unitarian corps, to which the writer confessedly belongs, will consider his commendations as of very equivocal worth, and will be a good deal mortified with the contrast exhibited between this exposure of the nakedness of the land, and the spirit of eulogy and self-conceit, which the advocates of the 'rational' cause so generally display. The occasional effusions of spleen, ignorance, and bigotry, which appear in the 'minister's' animadversions on Trinitarian dissenters, will not be thought by the men of reason a sufficient counterpoise to those humiliating reflections on the character of their own party which, in spite of all attempts to qualify and mitigate, will be likely to leave on the majority of readers the most permanent impression. On the other hand 'dissenters in general,' and the 'dissenting clergy' of other denominations in particular, will regard the professions of the title-page, as egregiously belied by this anonymous memorialist. They will find the man egregiously ignorant of 'the education and professional state' of the ministers, without his own narrow pale, and discover that the specimens of academical economy, with which his own experience and observation have made him so familiarly acquainted, and which he details with a ridiculous minuteness in this scanty volume, were of the most wretched and meagre order, and by no means sufficient to warrant the general conclusions he has drawn. A third class of readers—persons of neither party, but honestly desirous of obtaining correct information about a body of men so important and so numerous as the English dissenters—will be disappointed and disgusted by the style of illogical reasoning in which the writer indulges his propensity to generalize on the most limited induction of facts, by his want of acquaintance with other sects of separatists, and by the presumption which has incited him to obtrude this work on the notice of the world, as an account of the 'Dissenters' and their 'Clergy!' If there be any in this

class at all influenced by ecclesiastical prejudices, as they must remember that the party to which the author belongs is most highly *self-accredited* for learning, they will think that bad indeed is the best provision which the dissenters have made, or are making, for the scientific and literary education of their ministers; and that, as the consequence of this impolitic parsimony, those ministers must be the veriest intellectual paupers in the Three Kingdoms.—Still we think it possible, notwithstanding its demerits, to extract something good, even from this composition; and for this purpose we shall lay before our readers some of the facts and remarks which it contains.

The volume commences with a 'Dedication to his dear children,' followed by a 'Preface' of some length in which the writer assigns his motives for publishing; deprecates, in the usual style, the severity of criticism; intimates his design of adventuring 'another volume,' should this meet with a favourable reception; and assures us, we think nearly a dozen times in the course of the narrative, that the 'future number will be far more interesting than the particulars which are now presented. This 'future number' is also to be tremendously faithful. So dire a tale will it unfold, that divers vicious characters will be exposed, in all their deformity, to public detestation; and the 'interesting particulars' will be fully and substantially authenticated; so that the prurient curiosity of the world will receive a most delightfully pungent gratification.

In the first chapter, the author informs us of his birth, parentage, and early destination to the ministry, 'among *Rational Dissenters* as they call themselves.' 'He was led to this course of life by his father and his uncle' and he adopted their plan at a time when his 'inexperience rendered him unable to comprehend all its inconveniences.' 'Alas!' he exclaims, 'with the knowledge which the trial has produced, my election would have been very different, although the sum of happiness accorded to me might not have been increased.' He received, he tells us, a good classical education in early life, preparatory to his commencing a theological student; and on the subject of classical literature, we find several useful observations in different parts of the work. While it would be the height of injustice to withhold from many dissenting divines, the praise of eloquence as speakers, of profound and accurate knowledge as theologians, and of eminent fidelity and success as ministers, it must be acknowledged, that comparatively few excel in classical erudition; and perhaps fewer still in thorough scientific knowledge. It is not difficult to account for this deficiency; nor should we think the removal of it an improvement, at the expence of impressive oratory, theological knowledge, and pastoral diligence. Still we conceive

that in the arrangements of their numerous and well-supported seminaries, a previous acquaintance with the classics should be made, in general, an indispensable requisite for admission; that the attention of the students may not be occupied with the elements of language, nor grammatical toils absorb that time which should be wholly devoted to higher and more important pursuits. Were this desideratum secured, the more difficult classics, and a select course of the ancient Fathers, might be included in the studies of dissenting academics, and by this means the best foundation would be laid for an accurate and truly scientific system of scriptural theology.

The second and four following sections detail the author's preparatory studies, and settlement, after some considerable difficulties, with a small dissenting congregation. The outline he has given of the course and manner of education at the academy, is curious. We should imagine this institution to be truly unique. From some local allusions, we conjecture it must have been in *South Wales*; where either the poverty or inattention of the constituents rendered it necessary to educate orthodox and anti-orthodox pupils under the same tutors; and in which, to complete the adaptation of the system to existing circumstances, one of the professors was of the 'rational' order and the other a puritanical Calvinist. We know not whether such an amalgamation, exists at present or not in that part of the Principality; but as it is imagined by the author that a similar arrangement obtains in other dissenting academies, he dwells at some length on the impolicy and iniquity of placing *pious* and *devout* students of the Socinian faith, under the direction of ignorant and gloomy Trinitarians!

'Who would believe it,' [exclaims our memorialist, with honest indignation,] that on the present plan, the respectable P——* board has put at the head of its Institution avowed Calvinists; that students have been rejected for want of belief in the 'Trinity'; and that —— has known and countenanced such a dereliction of every principle of liberty, of every right of private judgement? *Had the constituents been Calvinist's, they might lay down such restriction as a part of their plan.* But the P—— board cannot have adopted such restrictions, and they are abused when such restrictions have the sanction of their governors and visitors.

* Independently of the *illiberality and bad faith* discovered in appointing Calvinistic and Trinitarian tutors in a seminary of Presbyterian denomination, the effects appear to be unfavourable to learning and piety. The confessed inferiority in literature of Calvinistic Ministers among Dissenters is likely to prove unfriendly to the literary proficiency of young men whose education is conducted by them. But this is of secondary importance. If it should be shewn that the PIETY of candidates for the ministry may be checked by their superintendence, *the evil becomes too serious to be despised!* p. 43.

* We suppose he means *Presbyterian*.

‘Illiberality and bad faith!’ There is something mysterious in this statement, which our limited knowledge is totally incompetent to explain. If there be any academical regimen among the dissenters, of the kind described by our author, we can account for such instances only on the ground of the defection of Presbyterians, (as English Unitarians are improperly called,) from the orthodox principles of their ancestors. Hence it happens that some institutions, of a literary and benevolent nature, are at present under the direction of managers, of principles widely different from those of their pious founders. Certain regulations, however, in the disposition of that property, we suppose have, in some instances, specified in the most unequivocal manner, the religious opinions which it behoves the objects of their eleemosynary bounty to profess; and this ‘illiberality’ we should imagine was designed as an antidote to ‘bad faith,’ in more senses than one. It appears from the detail before us, that some directors of such institutions have honesty enough to regard the provisions by which their administration should be conducted, and have conscientiously forgotten their own theological peculiarities. Both parties may regret the apparent inconsistency which arises out of these circumstances; but it ill befits a man to complain either of illiberality or bad faith, whose party would have become in most places, long ago *extinct*, had it not been for the *prospective impolicy* of their purer predecessors! Most modern Socinian ministers are indebted to the ecclesiastical endowments of the orthodox of a former age, for their principal support; and many among them have received their education on the same grounds. We hope that Trinitarian dissenters of the present day understand their principles a little better than their forefathers—and are in less danger of making bequests that may become instrumental in perpetuating error.

By an obvious association, these remarks remind us of a fact which, from its universality and notoriety, must have had some one or more certain causes for its production, among the denomination of Presbyterian dissenters. It is well known that a century ago most, if not all the Ministers and churches of that order were reputedly orthodox. What has led to that general declension of sentiment, and almost invariable predominance of Arian and Socinian opinions, by which they are now distinguished, and which do not seem, even yet, to have reached their ultimate point in the descending scale? An examination into the cause of this defection might include a variety of minor inquiries into the nature of church-government, pastoral authority, internal discipline, terms of communion, and circumstances apparently contingent, to the combined operation of which it might be attributed. There

is however one fact to which we are led to advert, by the narrative before us. We mean, the notorious inattention of the "Presbyterians" to the proofs of genuine and decided piety, in their candidates for the ministry. Our author, from his own account, was destined to this profession by the arrangement of his relatives. We do not mean to assert that he was not, on his own principles, pious; but admitting those principles, we find *no security* for such a character, in the mode of his admission to a theological seminary. Now the reverse of this obtains among the Congregational or Independent dissenters. In that connection, character and principles are submitted to the most rigid test. Every evidence that can be obtained of moral and natural competency for the ministerial office, is demanded and ascertained, before the sanction of a theological institution is enjoyed; and thus as much security as possible is possessed, by the churches, in regard to the piety of their probationers. They wish a man to be, and to appear, a decided Christian, before they elevate him to the rank of a Christian instructor. To this, in conjunction with other causes, we ascribe the comparative purity of that class of dissenters; and we commend their example to every other denomination whether established by civil authority or not. We are persuaded that it is a more efficient preservative of faith and holiness, than all the creeds and standards in the world.

It amused us to find an 'Unitarian' asserting that association with 'Trinitarians' was injurious to the *piety* of the former party. The relaxed tone of character in that party is obvious to the whole world; and the history of some of their defunct academies would exhibit a mournful illustration of the great principle, that the truth and the purity of the gospel are inseparable.

We were somewhat surprised by the following observations respecting dissenting academies, though many probably will call in question their principle.

'It is the policy of wise governments to encourage the spirit of science and literature, even in sectaries.—The legislature, with generous liberality, grants assistance to the Irish catholics towards the education of their Priesthood. The same consideration would be extended, without doubt, to the Protestant dissenters, if respectfully requested. The same reasons support both cases. It is of importance that the people, however distinguished by peculiar opinions, should be well instructed, and that their ministers should be well qualified for their occupation. It is thus, that ministerial illiteracy and scandalous preaching are to be eradicated. Besides this part of the community is deprived of the advantage of education at the Universities. Perhaps it would be vain to expect the doors of these to be thrown open for the admission of every sect.—But they would view without envy a boon which could not injure

them, while it would accommodate and benefit us beyond calculation. Surely the experiment ought to be tried, which would entrench very little on the resources of a wealthy nation, to which we contribute our full share.' p. 71.

In several parts of the work, the author complains of the disregard of the Dissenters in 'all their schools and seminaries' to *prosody*. From our own observation, we are acquainted with some honourable exceptions to this remark, though we confess there is too much ground for the allegation. He assigns the following reason, in attempting to account for what he terms a 'curious phenomenon.'

'It must be granted, that dissenters are more inclined, than others of the community, to adopt speculations of improvement, and to encourage schemes of innovation. This is ever the case with every minority in our community. It naturally springs from the comparative oppression under which they labor, which generates a spirit of complaint and dissatisfaction. From this disposition much general good has arisen, and some partial evil. It has produced improvements, and encouraged futile speculations. The circumstance which I have mentioned seems to be one of the evils which have proceeded from it.

'The fathers of non-conformity were accurate scholars. The ministers had received the advantage of a regular education. For a long time they appear to have educated their youth with precision. They carried with them the methods of instruction which had accompanied their own education; and it appears that *our* clergy for some time were not much behind their contemporaries in exact literature, except that some inferiority might be expected from their less ample establishments of education.

'It is well known—that during the eighteenth century a sect of men arose who affected to have discovered *compendious methods* of teaching the learned languages, which consisted to a great degree, (in) a comparative, if not total, neglect of quantity, in reading the classic authors. Perhaps a disproportionate attention had been paid to this article in some instances, and this was made a handle and a pretext for discouraging it entirely. It is not for me to scrutinise the motives of Burgh, of Clarke or of Holmes. Whether they were mistaken zealots, eccentric projectors, or interested impostors, willing to give success to their own academies by deluding the uninformed, it is perhaps impossible to decide. But they produced an effect which has been attended with serious consequences. The public schools were left uncontaminated by their innovations. But the dissenters appear to have felt the influence of their plausible professions. Compendious methods are not now without their advocates among them, who still propose their empiricisms to the patronage of the credulous.' p. 28—30.

The remaining chapters of this auto-biographer inform us of his change of sentiment on the subject of baptism, in consequence of which he became the minister of a congregation of 'general baptists;' of his subsequent doubts of the perpetuity of baptism, under any form of administration; of his return to his own country in consequence of some property in land falling to him on the death of his brother; of his

agricultural schemes and their failure; and of several other lesser matters, with which we find intermingled various reflections on his adverse fortune, and some 'biographical sketches'

There is occasionally displayed in his observations a tone of thinking and of feeling, highly creditable to his head and his heart; and he contrives to keep up some degree of interest in the reader's mind by the ingenuousness with which he records his own mistakes, and the general vivacity of his remarks. He has been in many instances an indiscreet, ill-judging, unfortunate—yet seemingly all along a well-meaning man. If the congregations, (all of whom were of Unitarian complexion,) with which he was connected, are to be considered as specimens of the party, with all their attainments in speculation, and discoveries in free thinking, they seem from his own account to have been most culpably inattentive to the comfort of their ministers and the prosperity of their cause. An extract from the general reflections at the close of the volume, will probably appear *novel* to those who imagine the 'rational dissenters' to be the most liberal and catholic party in the kingdom. They are fierce for moderation—and bigots in the cause of candour!

'It is evident "says our author" that few modes of life are more precarious, and more inadequately remunerated than that which I have chosen.—Liberty of thinking is *accorded* freely to a dissenting minister in *my connection*. But he thinks *at his peril*, in many cases; and with the most uniform steadiness of situation he has to struggle unremittingly with scanty means and insufficient resources. The want of feeling in our societies may be perceived from hints interspersed through this work. I appeal to their own consciousness, if they do not dismiss their ministers on most frivolous pretexts. Let them offend the pride, or disclose the injustice of a powerful man, and occasions will not be wanting to make their situation too irksome to be retained. *Every minister maintains his rights and independence at his peril*.' p. 173—175.

The work contains reiterated assertions on this topic, and promises, we ought to say threatenings, of authenticated documents and explicit facts, for the purposes of illustration in the second volume of the memoirs. It is worthy of remark that, notwithstanding a variety of most illiberal and unfounded animadversions on the 'orthodox dissenters;' though he has represented them as illiterate, enthusiastic, and intolerant; though he has contrived to adduce the obsolete and contemptible charges of *malevolence* against the Calvinistic system, and got up all the common-places of ignorance and acrimony on the subject; he exempts this very class of separatists from some of the heaviest of his allegations against dissenting societies. As if he had been blessed with some 'compunc-

tious visitings,' after he had closed his narrative, we find the following remarks in a 'final note.'

'The title of this book appears to need apology as far as it speaks of the *dissenters in general*. To the author, the character of the *other dissenters*, not of the Presbyterian sect, more recently called *Unitarian* is *not much known*. From credible report he has reason to believe that the other denominations are *guiltless* of the faults which have been attributed to the Presbyterians respecting their ministers. As to their religious opinions, he thinks the orthodox sects mistaken; but if he has been rightly informed, they have a larger share of moral merit, than their bretheren in the articles of kindness and justice towards their pastors; from which might be inferred their general superiority in right and proper feelings, if nothing is to be ascribed to the prevalence of enthusiasm, and if facts do not indicate a general moral inferiority.' p. 187.

The accuracy of the last deduction may be ascertained by referring to his information concerning the extent of his acquaintance with the orthodox dissenters. 'To the author *they are not much known*.' Truly, he ought to apologise for deceiving the public by professing to delineate 'the dissenters in general,' when he is so imperfectly acquainted with at least three-fourths of that numerous body. We advise him to increase his stock of information before he venture to appear again in a biographical and censorial capacity; to look beyond his own paltry and bigoted sect; to examine before he decides, and not to write without some premeditation. We had thought of adverting to his unwarranted strictures on 'evening services' 'among the religionists,' as he terms them, and his very inconclusive remarks on the perpetuity of baptism; but we have already bestowed too much notice on this anonymous composition, and have said enough to enable our readers to form their own opinion of its deserts.

Art. VI. *Nine Sermons*, Preached in the years 1718-19. By the late Isaac Watts, D.D. now first published from MSS. in the family of a contemporary Friend. With a Preface, by John Pye Smith, D.D. 8vo. pp. xi. 195. Price 6s. Gale and Curtis. 1812.

HE that makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, says Dr. Franklin, is a benefactor to his country. If the multiplication of physical good intitle a man to this high distinction, what an exalted meed of gratitude is due to him who augments a thousand fold, the sum of *moral* good; who makes, or becomes the means of making, ten pious, honest, and honourable men, where only one half the number lived before—and not only creates, by this instrumental agency, so much additional virtue and happiness, but prevents and counteracts an infinite accumulation of vice and misery! Could we extend our calculation to futurity, we should feel our minds at once over-

whelmed by the infinite magnitude and interminable consequences of the object; and should be, in some measure, prepared to appreciate the value of that rich reward which the Supreme Judge will confer on all his faithful servants: "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever!"

Such reflections as these naturally spring up in our minds, when we contemplate the "illustrious dead," who have promoted the highest interests of mankind, in the labours of the Christian Ministry. It is not without good reason, that, irrespective of its divine institution, and from a view of its present influence on the state of the world, we venerate the office. In the contemplation of such a man as Watts, for example, our virtue refines, our very devotion grows warmer; and sincerely to be pitied, we think, is the phlegmatic coldness of that critic of splendid talents, who has erected a monument, durable as his own fame, to the genius of Watts, and yet could feel at liberty, in the delineation of his excellencies, to advert to his "non-conformity;" and represent the integrity of the man, as deducting from his worth! Assuredly it is no very blameable enthusiasm, to hold in more than common reverence the character of such a man. If superior vigour of intellect and exuberance of imagination, ample stores of various knowledge, and all the simplicity, spirituality, and ardour of religion, uniformly embodied in a life of patient suffering and active virtue,—if the condescension of genius, and the consecration of its best powers and attainments to the instruction of the young, the confirmation of the wavering, the illumination of the inquiring, and the comfort of the dejected; if a life of unsullied purity and unwearied benevolence, of meek resignation and heavenly joy; if all these rich qualities were combined in the character of Watts, we are not surprised that his name and his memorial are embalmed in the gratitude and affection of the Christian world. And the character of his life is expressed in his writings. He still directs and animates, and consoles; the earliest recollections of the pious are associated with his name; the devotions of the closet, the family, and the sanctuary, are assisted by his holy eloquence; and in his exalted strains, many a glorified spirit has ascended to the throne of God.

The well-earned popularity of Watts will give peculiar interest and value to the posthumous volume, which we have now the happiness of introducing to the notice of our readers. In a modest and judicious preface, Dr. Smith informs us that

* The following Sermons are printed from manuscripts which bear clear marks of care and accuracy in the hand-writing of the Rev. John Goodhall, formerly Minister of the Dissenting Congregation, over which Dr.

Carey, now presides at Box-lane, near Hemel-Hempstead. Mr. Goodhall was a cotemporary and friend of Dr. Watts, and survived him but a few months. Since his death, these papers have been preserved as a valuable family possession, and they are now published by one of his collateral descendants. It cannot now be ascertained whether these discourses are transcripts from the author's original copies, or were first taken in short hand, as delivered from the pulpit. Perhaps the latter may appear the more probable supposition, as the easy and colloquial forms of expression, which occur principally in the applicatory parts, seem to indicate the warmth and familiarity of extemporary address, rather than the result of studied composition. Preface pp. iv, v.

In this latter supposition we entirely coincide with the learned editor; and could it be disproved, we should think the internal evidence of the genuineness of these Sermons considerably diminished. If it were not, that a marked difference generally prevails between the diction of free spontaneous address and elaborate composition, we should scarcely be able to account for the dissimilarity between the volume before us and the discourses published under the Doctor's own inspection. Taking this into consideration, however, we have felt especial gratification in their perusal. They are the unstudied effusions of a great and pious mind—interesting specimens of the ordinary style of exposition and illustration which their venerable author adopted—exhibiting no parade of learning, no pomp of language, no ostentatious attempts to dazzle and astonish, but the simplicity, precision, and energy of sacred truth. Most pointedly do we recommend them to the attention of some modern popular divines, who display an unwearied self-complacency in their own prettinesses and fancied profundity; who mistake consequence for dignity, tawdriness for elegance, and the play of fancy for the feelings of the heart. We cannot more accurately describe the character of the volume before us than in the statement of Dr. Smith.

• These Sermons were preached at that interesting period of the author's life, in which he added, to the advantages of mature age and judgment, those derived from the instructive experience of long and painful affliction. The topics on which they treat are the vital truths of Christian faith and holiness; subjects, at all times acceptable and important, and on which the most valuable Preachers have ever delighted to expatiate. The manner in which these eternal truths are proposed, though I would not be pledged to the approval of every expression, is plain and unadorned, yet lively, experimental, and engaging: they shew how attentively he practised the apostolic maxims, "of using great plainness of speech," and of "commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Preface, pp. vi, vii.

We think it unnecessary to present any analysis of these discourses as we are persuaded that they will obtain, thus respectfully authenticated, an extensive circulation. We shall

therefore merely specify their subjects, and close our notice with a few extracts.

‘ I. The Prayer of Christ for his Church, John xvii. 20. II. The Believer crucified with Christ, Gal. ii. 20. III. Christ the author of spiritual Life, Gal. iv. 20. IV. The Believer living by faith, Gal. ii. 20. V. God the author of an effectual Ministry, 1 Cor. iii. 7. VI. Evidences of the efficacy of Divine Influence, 1 Cor. iii. 7. VII. The Carnal Mind at enmity with Christ, Luke viii. 23. VIII. and IX. The Nature and Duty of Thanksgiving, 1 Thess. v. 18.’

The following passage is taken from the discourse which stands third in the series :

‘ If you think that it is a matter of importance to know whether “ Christ lives in you ” or no, I would lay down these two rules of trial. They are very plain ones, very easy to be remembered, and easy to judge by. 1. If “ Christ live in you,” you live like him ; and, 2. If “ Christ live in you,” you live to him. 1. If Christ live in you you will live like him. You will maintain the dignity of your life, and live as Christ did. You will endeavour to speak and act like Christ ; for if the same spirit that animated and conducted our Lord Jesus Christ here in this world dwell in you, you will have the same actions, and temper and carriage, that he had. *Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus ;* that so the wicked and profane world may be able to learn from the sight of every one of us, that Jesus Christ was seeing us, who are his pictures, his copies, his images in this lower world. The Apostle endeavoured so to live *that the life of Jesus might be made manifest in his mortal body.* The death of Christ was manifest in him by his continual sufferings, and by his exposing himself daily to persecution and death. The life of Christ should also be made manifest in our mortal bodies, by our behaviour and conduct under all those deaths, those sufferings, and those continual persecutions which Christians are sometimes called to endure. “ I will endeavour to carry myself under them all, as Jesus Christ did ; as I am conformed to Christ in sufferings, so also my life shall be conformed to the life of Christ.” And indeed God has ordained that it should be so. *He hath predestinated all his children to be conformed to the image of his son.* We should appear in this world like so many walking, living images of Jesus Christ.’

‘ 2. You will live also to him. If Christ be the principle of your life, let him be the end of it. If he be the alpha let him be the omega. If he be the first let him be the last too. *We thus judge, that if one died for all, he died for us, that we should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us and rose again.* It should be our business to live to Christ ; our Lord Jesus may very well expect this from us. If he has sent his spirit into our hearts to begin a new life in us, and prepare us for Heaven, he expects we should lay out that life for him ; that we should speak and act for him in the world. The Apostle Paul’s determination should be the determination of every one of us. I am resolved *Jesus Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death ; for me to live is to the honour of Christ, and for me to die shall be my gain.* What contrivances we have now for Christ ? What plans and schemes are we laying for the honour of Christ ? For each of us in the lowest sphere, in the lowest station of life that God has placed us in, may have something to do for Christ. Is this our temper of life ? Is this our frame of life ? By this we may judge

somewhat whether Christ lives in us or no.—“ Thus I have done with the first use, of how great importance it is to consider, whether Christ is the principle of our life or no. The second use is this; what high esteem and honour should we have for our Lord Jesus Christ, who is so glorious and so condescending; so condescending as to dwell in every one of us by his own spirit, and so glorious a being as to give life to thousands and millions. All believers that ever were, lived by the spirit of Christ in them. What a high esteem should we have of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is so glorious and condescending a being as to give life to all that glorious multitude that shall stand on Mount Sion!—Oh the glory and thanksgiving of that day! Oh! let our joy rise high in the forethought of it, and may we mingle our praises and our songs with that blessed number!” Sermon III. p. 68—73.

In forming an estimate of the excellence of sermons, as of other compositions, intended to affect the passions, as well as to instruct, we are aware that much depends upon the bluntness or sensibility of the reader's own feelings, while engaged in the perusal: and thus it may happen that one person may value most highly, that which another values least, and *vice-versa*. For our own parts, however, we felt ourselves excited to the warmest and most delightful emotions, while we were reading the 1st, 5th, 6th, 8th and 9th, of these discourses; though there are many parts of the other sermons, from which we derived both instruction and pleasure. The sermon on the “ Evidences of the efficacy of Divine Influence,” abounds with striking passages. We select one, in which this admirable divine, adduces the difference between the intension of either preacher or hearer, and the effect produced, as a proof of this influence.

“ The minister, it may be, takes a text from the law, and he speaks in order to awaken sinners to a sense of their guilt, and to discover to them their wretched violation of the law of God, in order to bring them to a sense of their danger and misery. Perhaps the whole effect of that sermon may be to lead some negligent believer to a greater activity in some part of his duty. It may be the aim of the preacher to instruct a believer to behave himself aright in some instances of duty towards God and towards man; and the Spirit of God may thereby awaken a stupid sinner, that never before was concerned at his own guilt, and make him fall down trembling, though the minister aimed not at him, nor any of his character. A word of promise, and privilege, and grace, may perhaps comfort no believer in the assembly; but some dead sinner there may be stirred up and quickened to think thus with himself; “ Is all this grace in the gospel, and I know nothing of it? Are all these privileges to be had by believing in Jesus Christ, and I an unbeliever still?” and this perhaps may be the beginning of the seed of grace in his soul. A word of the cross of Christ, and his dying blood, may not perhaps heal a wounded conscience; but it may melt some hardened wretch, that never before was touched. All the words of the law and of the gospel, which are brought

for conviction, for repentance, and for life, may in some attain none of these ends, but become a savour of death unto death to them. They may still deride the voice of our Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed preacher; their eyes may be blinded, their ears deaf, and he that spake as never man spake, may become *a stumbling block and a rock of offence*, at which they may stumble, fall down, and be destroyed. The minister may sometimes aim at one person, and convert another. What is this but the hand of God? The minister shoots the arrow, but the hand of God directs it to the part it shall strike.

As the effects are sometimes very different from the design of the minister, and often very contrary to it, so also are they different from the design of the hearers. One comes out of a curiosity to hear a stranger; but the voice of God, to which he has hitherto been an utter stranger, may reach his heart, and bring him to a sense of his guilt and an effectual faith in Jesus Christ. Another may come merely because it is the custom of his family to come, and because he has been brought up to wait upon God in public worship; he may come merely for the company of those that lead him, and perhaps may go away advanced higher in grace, than any of those that brought him under the sound of the gospel. Another may come to hear the fine language of the preacher; but the arrow of God may stick fast in his conscience, the fine language be forgotten, and the voice of God in his law or in his gospel have powerful influence to his soul's eternal life. He may come to have his ears pleased and tickled, and his heart may be wounded to death: that is, to death and despair in the law and in himself, that he may live by Jesus and the gospel. Another comes, it may be, to hear what the babbler will say, and resolves to scoff at it; but as soon as he begins to hear the word, God speaks together with it, and the minister is no more a babbler, but an angel in his esteem; his heart feels God working together with the word, he goes away, and becomes a saint. Are not all these instances convincing proofs that Paul is nothing and Apollos is nothing, *but God that giveth the increase?* pp. 127—130.

We have said that these Sermons were delivered by Dr. Watts, in the time of affliction. And it appears from the dates of them, (May 4th, 1718. Nov. 2d, 1718. Nov. 16th, Dec. 20th, 1718, &c.) as well as from occasional allusions in the sermons themselves, that they were preached at *distant* intervals, as slight diminutions of his long and severe indisposition, would enable him to spread before his people some of those meditations which supported him under his long sorrows, and awakened him to exercise the duty of thanksgiving, for which (as he observes) afflictions too often unfit us. They who wish duly to appreciate the influence of Christianity in "reconciling man to his lot," and enabling him to "rejoice in tribulation," would do well to read the last two Sermons in this valuable little volume, with a constant reference to the circumstances under which they were delivered. We have only space for one passage

Compare your own troubles with the troubles of others, in body, in soul, and in estate. I can give but hints of these things; I hope you will remember them, and meditate more largely upon them. Compare your troubles in spiritual things with the troubles of others. You have had, it may be, difficulties, darkness upon your mind, distraction, and sometimes the absence of God; but the gospel is not absent from you, you have still the promises of grace, you have still the Bible in your hands, you have still the death of a Saviour, you have still an all-sufficient Redeemer proposed to you, in all his grace, and all his glory. If Christians would be thankful, let them go to the heathen world, and there see millions stooping before a wooden image, or adoring a god of stone, and then let each of them say, "Why was not I one of them?" See there the torments and the racks that they expose their flesh to, (and their flesh is as tender and subject to pain as your own,) see there, I say, the racks and the torments that they expose their own flesh to, in order to atone for their sins, and make satisfaction to God for their offences; and not one sin is atoned for, not one of their iniquities is expiated by all their sufferings. But you have the blood of Jesus, it cost you not one drop of your own blood. Go to the nations where men are kept in popish darkness, where the doctrine of the cross is mingled with so much ceremony, that it is almost lost in confusion; and the redemption that our Lord Jesus Christ wrought out is distributed among so many intercessors, so many mediators, and blended with so great a mixture of will-worship, that the Godhead is almost spoiled, if not utterly lost, among them. Go to the inquisition, go to the slaves in the galleys, and they will tell you what it cost them to utter a word concerning the profession of religion, concerning the salvation of Christ; and ask yourself, "Have not I then in England, in London, abundant reason for thankfulness?" As for distress in body, if you would learn to be thankful when you are afflicted under it, go to the hospitals of the sick, go to the beds of the lame and maimed, that cannot move or stir; go to the chambers of the distracted, whose reason is hindered in its exercise by the disorders of the brain; go to the fields of battle, where thousands lie groaning under anguish, with the extremity of pain arising from bloody wounds. Of these distresses you suffer nothing; by the mercy of God you are free from them; yet why should not you, as well as others, be in the number of these miserable ones?" pp. 185—187.

Art. VIII.—*The Pilgrimage of Theophilus to the City of God*. 8vo. pp. 257.
Price 7s. 6d. Robinson. 1812.

PERHAPS no unpardonable sin against good taste would be committed by a man, who should wish that the method of instructing mankind by protracted and complicated allegory, might be laid aside for ever. Indeed, separately from any judgement dictated by the laws of good taste merely and literary merit, there is a moral consideration, not entirely inapplicable to the subject:—it is, that the period and state of the world in which we are fallen, should have some influence on the choice of modes of written instruction. And if there is

any fact, in the character of the present times, that peculiarly claims to have such an influence, it is this, that the attention and the time of the community, are pressed upon by an extraordinary combination of urgent circumstances, which force people to be, for the most part, very busy and very anxious. We think that, in consideration of this fact, those who write to convey instruction, will do well to adopt, generally, the most direct and perspicuous methods, instead of obliging their readers to expend their efforts in following it through circuitous courses—to toil in pondering and guessing the import of visions and allegories—and often to feel that their labour has resulted, after all, in nothing like a clear addition to their knowledge, or beneficial effect on their will. If there be some readers disposed to be content on these terms, it is at least certain that the class for whom such a work as that before us would seem intended, cannot afford to be so employed.

This moral view of the matter assumes the inferior merits of extended allegory, as a mode of instruction. And in truth we suppose that almost all readers, so far as they reflect, have one conviction on this point. Every one's experience testifies that it is inefficient and unsatisfactory, whether, considered in reference to the laws of allegorical writing, it be executed well or ill. Well executed, we suppose a long allegorical work will hardly be allowed to be called on easier conditions than these:—that the story shall be mainly constructed of objects and facts, and not be a mere dialogue of qualities personified; that almost all the constituent matters of it, whether persons, actions, or scenery, shall be figurative and emblematical, the interior meaning being, to a considerable extent, carried, with analogical proportion, into even the ramifications and minutiae of the fable; and that, at the same time, it shall be quite as complete, taken simply as a story, as if it had no such interior meaning. Now, to say nothing, in this case, of the writer (though it would be much to be deplored that a better employment had not been found for the prodigious genius, and labour indispensable for the successful execution of this double and parallel work, each part of which is to be complete in itself, while the two parts are to maintain a perfect correspondence, so that wherever the reader stops to take an observation, he shall find himself to be at precisely the same point of the sensible world and of the speculative or moral world) to say nothing of the vast difficulty of such a performance, and the consequent probability of failure in almost every new attempt, it is evident that, supposing the attempt to be successful, in as high a degree as it is possible to conceive, the pretended moral purpose will be but slenderly effected.

For one thing it is a perfectly known fact, that extremely few readers are of a disposition to be at any considerable pains to discover the supposed import of allegorical types, either where it is more recondite or where it is more obvious. But supposing them ever so intent on ascertaining it, and following it on, no undertaking on earth can be more hopeless, than that of detecting distinct moral significances in the indefinite multiplicity of particulars necessarily included in the construction of a complete story,—of getting acquainted with the rational souls supposed to be latent in the endless variety of forms presented in the fictitious creation. By what previous exercises and proofs of his sagacity is any reader to assure himself, in entering on a long allegorical fable, that he shall readily and unerringly apprehend the moral import of, for example, the variety of the landscape views in the fabled region—of each of the enumerated kinds of trees, flowers, animals—of every edifice and its respective parts—of the diverse modes and colours of the draperies of the personages—and of all the actions of the animate and the rational beings represented? If it should be said that this is greatly overstating the requirements on his sagacity; for that very many of these particulars are not meant to be allegorical, that the author has not pretended to put any moral or speculative soul within a great portion of the sensible objects represented for the sake of the mere completeness and verisimilitude of the story; the reader's unfortunate situation is not at all mended. He now cannot know, probably in nine instances in ten, whether the forms presented to him are mere shadows or painted shapes, meant only to amuse, in passing, his eye and fancy, or veritable philosophers and moralists, whom it becomes him to approach, and salute with deference and inquiry. It will seem to him hardly a due respect to the genius and wisdom of the writer to assume, without consideration, that this, and the next, and that ten successive images, though he cannot discern any glimpse of the interior significance, are the mere play of poetry, or the proprieties or embellishments of picture. Yet, on the other hand nothing could be more ridiculous than for him to be gravely detecting a hidden sapience of which the writer himself, the creator of the whole affair, never dreamed. Think then what a facile and enviable task this reader has on his hands. He has, at one and the same time if he pleases, or if he pleases it may be in succession, to contemplate the fable in its palpable and foremost quality of a complicated scheme of action and scenery; to ascertain which of the vast multitude of particulars great and small are allegorical, and which are not; and to draw out in a precise form the respective moral significance of each and every one

that he has discovered to have an important secret to tell. It is evident that if all this, or something near it, is not done, the pretended purpose of allegorical writing is not, as to the reader, accomplished; it is equally evident that all this, or any thing near it, will not be done by one reader in ten thousand; it is therefore evident, finally, that extended allegory, when executed even in the best manner, is, at least comparatively, a wretched misapplication of the writer's talent and labour.—The Fairy Queen is beyond all question or comparison, the grandest work in this department; and we may appeal to its readers whether they ever think of studying it as a system of moral philosophy. They would almost all confess that they read it for its marvellous adventures and exquisite descriptions; pleased, undoubtedly they will say, and perhaps profited, by the moral reflections momentarily presented here and there through an interval of the imagery, but so occupied and satisfied with the obvious and superficial magnificence of the scene, as rarely to think of any attempt at digging into the precious mines reported to be underneath. Now and then perhaps they are visited by a rather ungracious consciousness that they are not obtaining all that the work might yield to them; that they are even failing to obtain that which grave commentators, if not the author himself, may have professed to regard as the most valuable thing contained. They are perhaps excited to a slight attempt to develope the included wisdom; but they find that this breaks the fascination of the story, and that, besides, there is something in every stanza to baffle this moral inquest. They are uncertain whether the object before them is an emblem or not, or, if it be, what it means; they reflect, in excuse for their indolence, or in consolation for their dulness, that they can learn morality with much more precision at all events elsewhere; and they then return to the mighty performer, in a disposition to give him all due credit as a philosopher, but confessing that it is not for his lectures but his magic that they attend him.

If such be the inefficacy, for moral instruction, of allegory in the most perfect state of execution it is ever likely to attain, it is hardly worth while to say a word about it as exemplified in a numerous tribe of clumsy performances; excepting indeed that in such performances it is often much more intelligible, as to its interior import, than it is in the Fairy Queen, and than it would be in any work of that high rank of genius; from this plain cause, that men of little genius or none are not masters of refined analogies and remote relations. A mind of Spenser's kindred, perceives so many relations real while not grossly palpable, between moral truth and the material world, as to be able to invest that truth, when put-

ting it in the form of allegory, with a vast combination of various and unexpected symbols, all having some true relation to the subject, but not a few of them having so refined a relation, that their import cannot be obvious to the generality of readers. Inferior allegories, on the contrary, will be likely to take their emblematical figures from the narrow tract of coarse and obvious relations,—with the exception of now and then a far-fetched absurdity, obtained by a desperate effort for boldness and originality. Thus the reader is saved an immensity of trouble; he is forced into none of those wanderings of conjecture and exercises of ingenuity to which he would be doomed, in prosecuting the abstract import of a superior work, through its wilderness of visionary fancies, its endless crowds of emblematical forms. But then, he is precluded from that delight of the imagination, by which it is pretended to be the very purpose and value of allegory to recommend the otherwise too austere instructions of truth. He is to receive these instructions under the guise of a few ordinary figures, which instead of giving those truths the attractions of a new and variegated and animated vehicle, only force them into a less distinct, while it is not at all a more pleasing, mode of exhibition than their naked plainness would have been. Indeed a main device of ordinary allegorists, has been, as we have already hinted, to invest doctrines, virtues, and vices, with a personal being, by the great and creative process of giving them a personal denomination, and then without more ado to set them a talking; and Spenser, amidst the arduous toils of his great performance, might have enviously fretted, if he could have foreseen with what facility *we* should be able to work an allegory to any required extent, by means of Mr. Proud-Spirit and Mr. Humble-Mind, Mr. Liberty and Mr. Self-Interest, and a countless generation of personages of all dispositions, occupations, sexes, and sizes, created with as much ease as Deucalion and Pyrrha made men by flinging pebbles backward over their heads.

The Pilgrim's Progress, a work of real though confined genius, partakes somewhat of the higher, and doubtless much of the inferior style of allegorical invention. Among religious readers, it has obtained an established favour which no criticism would much contribute either to confirm or impair. It has acquired so much of a certain venerableness of antiquity and prescription, and is the object of a partiality so kind and extensive, among even children as an amusing story, and among their pious elders partly from its having thus been a favourite of their childhood, and partly because it supplies much religious instruction, that all modern works of similar object and construction necessarily appear under the greatest disadvantage.

They are unavoidably brought in contrast with the old favourite, and the consequence is easily foreseen;—so easily that we exceedingly wonder it does not deter all attempts at imitation. We think a little reflection would surely have convinced the well-meaning writer of the work before us, that if he had serious instructions to impart on different topics of religion from those exhibited in so lively a manner in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, it would be very much better to offer them in a plain didactic form than in a humble imitation of that work. The imitation is not merely of that general kind, unavoidable in pursuing the figure of a spiritual pilgrimage. It is quite intentional and particular. There are the author's dreaming, the City of Destruction, Evangelist, the Wicket Gate, the Slough of Despond, the Castle of Giant Despair, (now descended, we are informed, by inheritance to giant infidelity), the house of the Interpreter, the Delectable Mountains, &c. &c. &c. We cannot enumerate these designations, so familiar to the readers of "Christian's" famous adventures, without repeating the expression of our astonishment, that any person can have expected, in forcing these particulars into a new position and application, to preserve for them any thing like that interest which they have so often excited in their original places. And if the writer did not expect this, he ought to have considered that old friends rendered unacceptable, are ten times more unwelcome than perfect strangers.

It must not be inferred from this servility of imitation that there is absolutely no invention displayed in the work. There are a considerable number of new emblematical spectacles; and our impression of the commendable intention of the writer is so strong, that we should be very glad to be able to say that the elements and the construction of these emblems are according to those laws which must continue, in spite of the benevolence of criticism, to tyrannize over the art of writing. The adjudgement according to those laws, we fear, would be, that the figurative devices are constructed and connected without much ingenuity, and in neglect of all the rules of congruity and proportion. For instance, the Shepherds (representing Christian ministers) are summoned, by blast of trumpet, to come instantly in arms, and expressly for the purpose of war, to the top of the Mountain of Revelation—why?—because a volcano, (the French Revolution) has opened on the nearest land beyond the sea. We need not give any other example. A total want of perception with respect to figurative consistency is apparent throughout the performance. Some of the emblematical contrivances are puerile and some are monstrous. Some of them are of such perfectly obvious conception, that they hardly throw the grace of a

figure over the idea intended to be conveyed, and some are of such uncouth invention that the idea is absolutely concealed and lost in them. The story is composed of such materials, that taken literally as a descriptive narrative it has little resemblance to any real or possible series of facts and situations. Even the conversation parts, which might have been plainly doctrinal, have a certain sort of figurative crudeness which renders them almost as defectively instructive as the allegories; and the large portions of scripture forced in, are often rendered as little significant as divine language can be made to appear, by the awkward connexion, and in places where there does not seem to be any very specific doctrine for them to establish or illustrate.

The work furnishes a strong exemplification of the indiscretion of a man's too readily attributing to his mind the chameleon's faculty of looking distinctly in two directions at the same moment. He unwittingly undertakes to carry on two concerns, of very different natures, but which are to be constantly advancing in a parallel progress, and though distinct, are at every instant to correspond in a refined conformity, and as it were, reflect each other in perfect analogy. But unfortunately he can attend to only one of them at once; and while that is elaborating the other falls into utter confusion: thus there is on the one side an incongruous series of pictured representations, and on the other a crude ineffective course of thinking. How much better would have been a short, plain, direct illustration of those evangelical sentiments, and those points of painful or happy Christian experience, which have evidently so deeply interested the writer's mind. It is the varying experience of a renovated spirit that is chiefly intended to be shadowed out, with an accompanying train of consolation and cautionary instructions.

It is evident that no extracts of a length to be admitted within very narrow limits can give any adequate notion of the conduct of a protracted story; and if the critic's candour is questioned, it may always be denied that they give any competent specimen of the materials of which it is composed. To us the two or three following passages appear to be as fair samples as could be transcribed in so small a space.

At the residence of the interpreter the young pilgrim is of course to be shewn a variety of emblems. They therefore walk out into the '*pleasure grounds*,' and the very first object they see will shew how correctly they are so denominated.

'As they were walking and conversing together, on a sudden the interpreter called to him to draw back. Theophilus started, and looking up beheld a vast serpent preparing to dart upon him from a tree. No sooner had he

escaped from the threatened destruction, than a young lamb, which had strayed from its fold, became the victim of the serpent's cruel fangs.

'*Interpreter.* What seest thou Theophilus?

'*Theo.* Good Interpreter, would that what I now see and feel, I could always have before mine eyes; but please, Sir, to explain to me the full import of this emblem.

'*Inter.* Didst thou observe that deceitful enemy of every creature, lying in wait to surprize his unhappy victim? Didst thou note the fascinating power of his fiery eye, the stupefying effects of his offensive and poisonous breath? Didst thou perceive his double tongue, and the poison under his lips? Didst thou mark well his winding and crooked motion? And above all, didst thou observe the horror which seized the poor lamb, when it felt the serpent's sting. Never forget those convulsions which shook its whole frame, that swelling of every limb, and that starting of the eye-balls from their sockets. Poor lamb! It is too late to give thee relief, and to pour into thy wound that oil of gladness which is the only antedote to the venom of death! Theophilus, here is the true picture of sin, and of its frightful author! It stupefies, it encircles, it agonizes its victim, world without end!' p. 51.

An emblem of similar import, seen in another place, excites a surmise that the author is not less acquainted with Gulliver's Travels than the Pilgrim's Progress.

'His friendly host would conduct him to a spot of ground where he might witness the manner in which pilgrims are beguiled, circumvented, and spoiled by the ruler of this world. So he shewed him a pilgrim who had fallen into the temptation and the snare, and had erred from the faith.

'Now, as the unhappy man was fallen asleep in carnal security, behold, the unseen disposers of the course of this world drew near, and began to weave the snare of worldly connexions and fascinations. They rivetted him to the earth with sundry subtle and interwoven threads, which his eye did not discern (notwithstanding that he had the advantage of being asleep.) In the mean time they fanned him with the fan of prosperity, lest he should awake, and call upon the Breaker of spells. Having completely entangled the poor man, they left him; and I saw that he presently awaked, and attempted to rise and proceed on his journey. But now he was not able to stir one of his limbs, nor yet to discover the subtle chain by which he was confined to the earth. So after a few vain and ineffectual struggles, he fell asleep once more.

'Now I saw that after a short time the poor man was seized by the extreme torments of death. The poisonous web in which he was entangled had penetrated like a cancer to his vitals, and his whole body was turned black to the sight, and offensive to the smell; and he presently expired in inexpressible agonies,' p. 147.

We will make only one more short extract, which will shew that the author remembers some things that other people forget.

'At this instant, a bright star appeared in the East, an Evangelist, taking Theophilus by the hand, invited all who were present to follow him to the Tree of Life, and to take of the water of life freely. So the com-

pany of believers followed him; and he led them to where the star appeared. Then did they pass through several retired streets in the city (of Vanity) where sojourned, in *white* but *humble* habitations, without parade or ostentation, the faithful servants of the King. Before their houses were fair and fruitful trees, overshadowing a little stream, clear as crystal; by the side of which they ascended a mountain which stood in the midst of the city. On this mountain stood a venerable edifice, dedicated to the King of the celestial city; and hard by flourished that beautiful and glorious tree, the Tree of the Life of God in the soul of man, the Tree of the Fulness of Grace, the Tree of Evangelical Liberty. Under the shade of this delightful tree, by the side of the Water of Life, was there a throne, and he that sat on it was called the Defender of the Faith. He was a venerable old man, now sinking under the weight of years and infirmities. A cloud rested upon his dim eyes, which were lifted up in humble resignation to the throne of glory. His countenance was deeply furrowed with sorrow; yet ever and anon, he would stretch out his arms over the city, and cry out, *I stand for the defence of the Gospel. My little children, love one another.* In his hand he held a candlestick with a light that seemed about to expire, which with all his remaining powers he grasped, and preserved from falling. On his right, he was supported by a counsellor who held the book of life in his hand, lifting it up in the sight of all kindreds, tongues, nations, and people. On his left, another counsellor was testifying christian principles the only basis of christian virtues; *deliverance to the captives, and liberty to them that are bruised.* p. 133.

It will perhaps be thought that even a considerably smaller portion of extract would have sufficed for the means of forming an estimate of the book, when we mention some of the names of the people introduced, in person or by reference, in the course of the narrative; the chief of them are Ladies Pleasure, Intemperance, and Doubting; Sir Worldly-conformity; Messrs. Carnal-mind, Love-the-world, Dread-of-Singularity, Evil-habit, Hate-good, Fear-of-man, Scoffer, Profane, Lukewarm and Judgement: prisoners, Self-sufficiency, Self-deceiver, and Bond-will, fraudulently passing by the name of Free-will; and Shepherds, Experience, Heavenly-mind, Lowly-mind, Watchful, Hireling, and Short-sight.

Art. VIII. *Mr. Belsham's Calm Inquiry* into the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Person of Christ.

(Concluded from p. 164.)

IN our last number we made some observations on our author's assumed principles, and his canons of inquiry. Some of these remain to be noticed before we proceed to our proposed remarks on the general distribution of the work, and the merits of the controversy. The following is one of the admonitions which Mr. Belsham is careful to impress on all who approach the present subject.

‘Impartial and sincere inquirers after truth must be particularly on their guard against what is called the *natural signification* of words and phrases. The *connexion* between words and ideas is perfectly arbitrary; so that the natural sense to any person, means nothing more than the sense in which he has been accustomed to understand it. But it is very possible, that men who lived two thousand years ago might annex very different ideas to the same words and phrases; so that the sense which appears most foreign to us, might be most natural to them.’ (p. 4.)

If however, we are to guard against what is here called the ‘*natural signification* of words and phrases,’ we ought to be equally watchful against what *may* be called an unnatural signification of them. All words, used as they ought to be, are either natural or figurative signs of ideas; but the use of language is altogether perverted when these signs are unnatural; and whether Mr. Belsham, in order to avoid consequences destructive of his theory, does not very frequently betake himself to this interdicted refuge, the impartial reader of his work will judge for himself. It is true that the *original* ‘*connexion between words and ideas is perfectly arbitrary*,’ but it is also no less true, that when the connexion is formed by a writer, his interpreter is not to charm it away, at pleasure, in order to avoid a disagreeable consequence. Again, it is ‘very possible’ no doubt, that men living in distant periods of time ‘might annex very different ideas to the same words and phrases;’ but is it not also ‘very possible’ for a modern ‘Unitarian’ to annex ‘ideas to the same words and phrases’ very ‘different’ from those which were annexed to them by the sacred writers? If words are so perfectly arbitrary, and the connexion between them and ideas is so uncertain, we should act wisely in devoting a proportionably greater share of our attention to things; that is, to the ideas themselves which are compatible or incompatible with first principles; and most earnestly would we counsel this mistaken writer, that, instead of confiding in physical analogies which have no pertinency to the subject in question, he would learn to treat with more regard those great realities which we alluded to before,—conscience, law, justice and mercy, realities which are far from depending on the caprice and versatility of language, and which are as permanent as they are appropriate.

This author lays down, as one of his canons, that, ‘in examining the validity of an argument from scripture, the first inquiry is, whether the text be genuine.’ (p. 4.) On this we remark; if the canon of scripture be left to the decision of controvertists, who have a specific end to answer by pronouncing a text genuine or spurious, what probability is there of an unexceptionable canon being ever established? Surely it is a much more fair and a more rational process, to ascertain,

from appropriate evidence the canonical authority of the New Testament, without any reference to particular controversies; after which nothing will remain, but to settle the true import of the text and the correctness of its application. If neither the various editions of Erasmus, Stephens, Beza, Elzivir,—of Walton, Mills, Wetstein, Bengelius and Griesbach,—if neither these, or any edition extant will serve their purpose, let the Socinians honestly come forward, and publish a Greek edition of the New Testament, retaining only those texts to which a decisive appeal may be made in point of divine authority. Without more evasion, let them distinctly state whether they deem any parts of Scripture intitled to this honourable distinction, and, if so, let them draw the discriminative line. We may then, too, have some means of judging what advantage this labour will be to their cause. Any other method leaves the first principles of scriptural evidence uncertain; and every controverted subject opens a wide avenue to endless disputes about what is authoritative and what is not. Who would attempt to purchase by weight or measure, while the standard between the parties remained unfixed? As to the *variae lectiones*, they are but as the small dust upon the balance, compared with the substantial truths on which all copies of note and credit are agreed. The Anti-Socinians assuredly have nothing to fear, from an appeal to real science, as contra-distinguished from that of Sophists, from ‘philosophy and vain deceit,’ and ‘science *falsely* so called.’ Real science never can be inconsistent with revealed truth: but it is a humiliating fact, that a large proportion of speculating men, when they discourse on morals and religion, deal in little else than unfounded assumptions and idle conjectures.—Mr. B. further observes:

‘It ought by all means to be remembered, that profound learning and acute metaphysical subtilty are by no means necessary to settle the important question concerning the person of Christ. The inquiry is into a *plain matter of fact*, which is to be determined like any other fact by its specific evidence, the evidence of *plain unequivocal testimony*; for judging of which, no other qualifications are requisite, than a sound understanding and an *honest mind*. Who can believe that the decision of the great question whether Jesus of Nazareth is the true God, and the creator and governor of the world, depends upon a critical knowledge of the niceties of the Greek Article? With equal reason might it be maintained, that no person can know any thing of the History of Greece, who is not perfect in the metres of the Greek dramatic writers.’ (p. 5.)

It is willingly allowed that learning and acuteness are not necessary to settle this important subject, except in so far as they assist in detecting sophistry and in setting the true state of the question in a fair light. The inquiry, indeed, is to be

determined by its specific evidence; but few, notwithstanding, can instantly agree as to what evidence is decidedly specific in the case, and fewer still can coincide with our author when he speaks of it as 'a plain matter of fact.' There are a thousand other questions respecting 'matter of fact,' which are by no means 'plain.' 'It is a fact,' for example, that the human mind is either immaterial or material; Mr. Belsham decides for the latter, but where is his 'plain unequivocal testimony' for that decision? It is a 'fact,' that the conception of our blessed Saviour, was either miraculous or after the common course of nature; Mr. Belsham pronounces the latter to be the case, but is the judgement founded on 'a plain unequivocal testimony?' It is a 'fact,' that the Logos existed before Abraham, or he did not; Mr. Belsham asserts the latter, but does he support his assertion by 'a plain unequivocal testimony?' Were this the question, Whether Jesus had a human body and mind, or appeared as a man among men, his observation would be admissible, for it would relate to 'a plain matter of fact;' but this we repeat over and over again is *not* the true state of the question; it is no part of the dispute, because the affirmative is conceded on both sides. In our apprehension, the point at issue between the Trinitarians and the Antitrinitarians, respecting the Person of Christ, is this, Whether the supreme Being, whose existence, it is demonstrable, is essentially different from every other, and whose mode of existence *may* be so, for aught that reason can alledge to the contrary,—that Being whose energies of wisdom, power and goodness unfolded themselves in the work of creation, beginning with a rude chaotic mass, and proceeding to innumerable forms of order and beauty, regularity of operation and usefulness of result,—whether this First Being, in some wonderfully mysterious manner, a manner not less mysterious than creation itself, united himself to human nature, as the basis of a new order of things in reference to the moral world? It is universally admitted, that out of nothing he produced a chaos 'without form and void,' and that from this chaos he educed unspeakable grandeur and beauty, in order to manifest the glory of his perfections, and to communicate his goodness in a manner worthy of himself. Why then we ask should it be thought incredible or improbable, that the *moral* order of things, to which the physical is infinitely subservient, should originate in the predestined assumption of human nature,—and that this took place at the fulness of time? Why may it not be concluded of this, 'The foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of

God is stronger than men?"* The nature and perfections of Deity, his works of creation and providence, the generation and growth of animals and plants, the formation of mineral substances,—are full of mysteries, and is it to be expected that the moral world, so much less within the sphere of sensible observation and experiment, should be grossly and palpably plain?

It is not true, that the advocates of the Trinitarian doctrine respecting the person of Christ maintain, as their opponents are anxious to insinuate, (we do not pretend to assign the motive) that God was converted into man, or that the humanity of Christ is God. It is not true that they hold that any *change* whatever took place in the Godhead, on the assumption of our nature. They are not so grossly ignorant as to suppose it possible. But they *do* maintain, as a grand and glorious truth, a truth calculated to satisfy the largest desires, the most importunate cravings of the mind, to shed the most exhilarating light on the laws and sanctions, the justice and government of God, and their consistency with the exercise of his pardoning and purifying mercy,—that the human nature of Jesus was so assumed by a modal distinction of deity, (which distinction, no terms in any language of mortals is adequate to express,) that it had no personal existence independently of that assumption. Human languages are formed on physical analogies, but here an exact analogy cannot, it is obvious from the nature of the case, be found to convey the ideas intended. Here, different expressions are used in several connections, or else recourse must be had to circumlocutory explanations; which, after all, to a mere verbalist, or a cavilling objector, must unavoidably leave much room for petty criticism. Whether the terms Form, Son, Word, Wisdom, Power, Subsistence, Person, or any other, be adopted out of human vocabularies, in order to express that modal distinction in deity by which the human nature was assumed; still the reality intended cannot rationally be expected to be adequately designated by words and phrases originally formed to convey ideas so essentially different.

Of this inadequacy of language to define, or even to describe supernatural realities, many of the Antitrinitarians, both ancient and modern, have taken a disingenuous advantage. This also is the frequent practice of sceptics and infidels, in their allusions to the phraseology of scripture. But all such men, and especially those who wish to retain the Christian name, must be either pitied or blamed; because,

* 1 Cor. i. 25.

if they are free from lamentable ignorance, they are chargeable with criminal perversity. Whether the language of our author be not too often tinged, we may say, strongly tinged, with this species of pollution, let the Christian reader judge for himself.

‘The *incarceration* of the Creator of the world in the body of a helpless, *puling* infant, is a fact, the credit of which must rest, like that of all other facts, not upon grammatical subtleties, but upon evidence direct, presumptive, or circumstantial, upon the validity of which every person of common sense is competent to decide.’ p. 6.

In what an awful state of obdurate impiety must the mind of that man be, who could pen such a paragraph as this! The sentiment, indeed, is worthy of an infidel, but for the credit of our nature, we hope that the bad eminence of being able to express it with the same degree of coarse and vulgar levity, belongs to Mr. Belsham. With equal justice might a malignant spirit, (if, at the period to which we are going to allude, spirits there were who had rendered themselves vile) deride such mysterious propositions as these,—that the hidden energies of the Omnipotent, operating in the first dark and formless embryo, would, in a very short time, develop themselves in a bright and beauteous universe, that should continue through revolving ages pregnant with interesting wonders and glorious benevolence—that the same energies would shortly, through the medium of a very small portion of inert matter, shew themselves in an organic form of astonishing mechanism and admirable symmetry, as the lord of a terraqueous globe, the organ also of an intellect, of powers and passions, capable of dignity, of happiness or misery beyond description—that these energies, also, would fix upon an insignificant part of the same created form, and cause it to evolve itself into a structure resembling the other, with diversities, however, full of wisdom and design—that the same omnipotent energies, moreover, would, by a mysterious law, fix on a recondite particle, as a physical rallying point, in perpetual succession, and produce a race of human beings of different sexes, with an exact adjustment of numerical proportion of each—that, finally, when all these bodies should be reduced to their primordial inert particles, these divine energies would assume some physical points, around which other subtile atoms would instantly rally, unfolding themselves into as many forms as existed before, but far more splendid and permanent, as suited to a corresponding exalted state of things, and possessing so much of comparative identity, (an identity of moral use) as to justify their being called resuscitated bodies. Had these facts been an-

nounced to the malignant spirit we have supposed, he would have laughed them to scorn as incredible fables; and yet they are facts acknowledged, we presume, by modern "Unitarians," though, *a priori*, not more credible than what the Trinitarians consider as a fact attested by various representations in the New Testament; a fact at once mysterious as to the *modus operandi*, interesting above all comparison to every human being, and infinitely glorious in its consequences. This fact implies, that a particle of material nature is assumed, as the element evolved by the animal principle,—that both are unfolded by a rational more interior principle,—and that for reasons infinitely wise and benevolent, all are expanded by the indwelling energy of the divine Word, or Wisdom, or Power, or Son of God, for manifesting the glories of his nature, his relations and perfections, to a degree far more transcendent and sublime than any other process in the universe. Such are the characters of the two natures, the divine and human, it is maintained by some, as implied in scriptural declarations and their uses; and such the supernatural union subsisting between these natures, the one assuming and the other assumed, though in themselves abstractedly considered objects infinitely dissimilar, that the humanity has no personal existence, but the modal subsistence of Jehovah, which, as before observed, is variously expressed; and that this divine subsistence has neither developement nor exercise in redeeming men from sin and misery, but by the humanity as its organ. So that Jesus, it is maintained, is the organic medium of the divine nature, *sui generis*, in a way essentially different from every other prophet. In and through this medium, the Deity displays himself to the enlightened intelligent universe, by the fullest expansion and glory of which the human nature is capable, through endless ages. Inadequate as may be this representation of the subject, as indeed every verbal one must unavoidably ever be, it harmonizes, we apprehend, with that which is contained in the New Testament, without having recourse to the strained, far-fetched, and unnatural comments of Socinianism. It fully justifies the scriptural application of names and titles, works and offices, to Jesus Christ, and the strong ascriptions of honour and praise so frequently applied to him; instead of reducing them, as the Socinians effectually do, by their critical alembic, into a mere *caput mortuum*.

It is a calumny often urged by these ingenuous persons, that the Trinitarians are guilty of idolatry in worshipping Jesus Christ. Now this charge can have no appearance of pertinency, except on one of these two suppositions; either that there is no personal union between the divine and human

natures, which is to beg the question in dispute; or, that the human nature of Jesus is regarded as an object of worship, which is peremptorily denied. The consistent Trinitarian does not worship the human nature, though assumed by the divine, and though 'crowned with glory and honour' inexpressible, but Him to whom that nature is hypostatically united, and who is discriminatively identified by that union. Nor does he present religious homage to three ultimate objects, when he adores the Father, the Son, or the Holy Spirit; but to the one Eternal Existence, who has revealed himself under these personal relations; relations, however, which are understood to be essential to that Eternal Existence, and without which he would not be Jehovah. Through the defect of language terms of analogical relations are unavoidably employed; but no sentiment is admitted which implies any possible change in deity, and much less is it supposed that these expressions of personal relations are intended to countenance the absurd notion of their being effects of power and will.

It will be readily granted, that a critical knowledge of the niceties of language contributes but little towards an accurate perception of celestial truths.* 'A sound understanding and an honest mind' are, doubtless, of greater moment; but it is not easy to convince any man that his understanding is not sound, that his heart is not honest: and many will suspect that the short passage last quoted does not proceed from sources quite so respectable. 'The incarceration of the Creator of the world in the body of a helpless puling infant.' What could produce this profane effusion, but strong and unrestrained prejudice at the commencement of the inquiry. The latter of these marked expressions will appear to most 'calm' inquirers, as an exuberant ebullition of contempt against the doctrine itself, which is here impiously ridiculed, and against myriads of Christians of unquestioned virtue, talents, learning, piety and integrity. The former expression indicates either a want of knowledge or a culpable misrepresentation. It conveys to most readers, and to all in its plain construction, that the Creator is inclosed or circumscribed by the human nature of Jesus, as a man is by the walls of a prison! Is it possible that this representation can proceed from a mind imbued with the slightest tincture of candour or decency? What Trinitarian was ever absurd enough to entertain for a moment the sentiment here imputed to the whole body? Do they, when they with reverence represent the Deity as assuming the essential principles of our nature for the purpose of ex-

* 1 Cor. i. 19, &c.

pandering them to the utmost limits of which that nature is capable, and of illustrating before adoring myriads, the harmony and grandeur of divine perfections in the salvation of countless multitudes of the human race,—do they deserve to be outraged with the low ribaldry we have quoted—a mode of expression, we will venture to say, which is much more appropriate to the character of a renegade, than a Christian. Mr. Belsham would do well to reconsider what he has written with ‘a sound understanding and an honest mind.’ In truth his efforts to characterize ‘the Saviour of the World,’ as a mere prophet, who has delivered to us great truths, but who does not ‘save his people from their sins,’ either by a propitiation or by power, resembles that of a man who should diligently labour to sink a ship, without being able to furnish the crew with even a plank for their escape; or that of one who should attempt to blow up a citadel, when he has not the means of providing a cottage or a tent, for the dislodged garrison. A prophet may be more or less influenced, or filled with a divine impulse, but this does not constitute him different from other men in his original formation, or in his mode of subsistence; and consequently he would be destitute of the most essential requisite of ‘a saviour from sin and misery.’ Nor is it conceivable that such a man, however ‘full of faith and the Holy Ghost,’ however endowed with knowledge and wisdom, with graces, energies, and miraculous gifts, could make approximations, even the smallest, towards removing the difficulties introduced by sin, in the way of our happiness, or casting any light on the character, the government, and the dispensations of God.

We are now, by the length of this article, reminded of our promise to make some remarks on the general controverted subject, according to the arrangement into which this volume is cast, but with all the brevity which the nature of the work and the topics will admit. This inquiry, after the introduction, consists of two very unequal parts. The first, which conducts us to p. 446, consists of a selection and examination of those passages in the New Testament, which have been alleged in favour of the pre-existence, the original dignity, power, and divinity of Jesus Christ. The second, which is dispatched in eighty-four pages, contains ‘A summary view of the various opinions which have been entertained concerning the person of Christ, and of the arguments for and objections against each.’

That ‘the Jews expected a pre-existent Messiah,’ is the title of the first section, which occupies but little more than one page; and the argument adduced by some as founded on this expectation, is repelled in these words: ‘Trypho, the Jew, in his dialogue with Justine Martyr, early in the second

century, represents the notion of the pre-existence and incarnation of Jesus, as not only wonderful but silly: and he reproaches the Christians for their belief in the miraculous conception of Christ, which he ridicules as a fiction equally absurd with that of Jupiter and Danaë.' (p. 11.) Thus Mr. B. sides *with* the rancorous Jew *against* the primitive Christians!

The second section, about double the size of the former, notices the argument for the pre-existence from 'the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ.' This argument is triumphantly overthrown by the remark, that 'the narrative itself is of very doubtful authority!' For 'the Ebionite Gospel of Matthew and the Marcionite Gospel of Luke, did not contain these accounts!' Besides, 'the miraculous conception of Jesus would no more infer his pre-existence, than the miraculous formation of our first parents.' And thus Mr. B. either artfully or ignorantly changes the state of the question, from the pre-existence of him who assumed human nature to the pre-existence of the human nature itself!

The third section, which occupies about 137 pages, professes to examine those 'texts which are conceived to express, in the most direct and unequivocal terms, the pre-existence of Jesus Christ.' Out of the many ornaments with which this large apartment is furnished, we can present the reader with only a few, by way of specimen.

'Neither the history nor the discourses of Christ, nor those of his Apostles, for thirty years after his ascension, contain the *least hint* of his pre-existent state and dignity.' (p. 16.) 'They (*i. e.* John and Paul), never declare nor hint they were *authorised* to teach any new doctrine concerning the person of Christ; nor do they lay down any such doctrine to be received as an *article of faith*.' (p. 18.) 'In the Gospel of John our Lord sometimes uses metaphors of the most obscure and offensive kind.' 'And Paul, in his Epistles, introduces many harsh and uncommon figures.' 'The principal appeal is to the Epistles to the Philippians and Colossians, which are figurative throughout beyond all others: and to the Epistle to the Hebrews, the author of which is doubtful, and in which the writer *indulges himself* in an ingenious, but *forced* and *fanciful* analogy, between the Mosaic institute and the Christian dispensation.' (pp. 18, 19.)

'The *Logos* is the *man* Jesus Christ, by whom God hath spoken to the world, the *teacher* of truth and righteousness.' (p. 27.) 'Hence, Rev. xix, 13, he is called the Word of God: and, 1 John i. 1, the Word of Life; because he *taught* the doctrine of eternal life.' (p. 29.) 'And being a *prophet* of the highest order, to whom the divine will was fully revealed, who was endued, in a very superior degree, with miraculous powers, and who was appointed Lord and King, in that new dispensation which he was authorised to introduce to supercede the Mosaic covenant, he is, for these reasons, in the well-known phraseology of the Jewish scriptures, entitled to be called a *god*.' (p. 30.) 'Jesus is the *revealer* of a *future life* by a resurrection from the grave; and this heavenly doctrine is

the principal means of instruction, reformation, and comfort to mankind.' (p. 33.) 'He was in the world, and the world was *enlightened* by him, yet the world knew him not.' 'With some *hesitation* I adopt the method of supplying the ellipsis proposed by my learned and ingenious friend Dr. Carpenter.' (p. 35.) 'Mr. Simpson's own translation is: "He was in the world, and the world was *formed* by him, yet the world knew him not." Which he paraphrases thus: "He was publicly *conversant* with men; many were *reformed* by him; and he *imparted* the best means of renovating the human race, yet mankind in general did not receive him." Mr. Cappe gives quite a new turn to the passage. He translates the text:—"He was in the world, and the world was made *for* him." q. d. "He was for some time freely and publicly *conversant* among his countrymen, preaching the word of God." But though he has brought *abundant* evidence to prove that *διὰ*, with a genitive, sometimes expresses the final cause, I nevertheless feel some *reluctance* to understand it in this passage, in a sense so *unusual*.' (p. 36, 37.) 'John i. 15. He who cometh after me has got before me, for he was my principal.' (p. 39.) 'John iii. 13. He might *imagine* himself transported into heaven, and *not be able* to distinguish whether what he saw and heard was visionary or real. And Mr. Palmer thought that when Jesus spoke of himself, as having been in Heaven, it was in *allusion* to this divine vision.' 'Mr. John Palmer was a man of abilities and learning, and an *excellent* scripture critic.' (p. 42.) 'It does not appear that any of the early Christian sects or ecclesiastical writers *ever heard* of this supposed assumption of Christ into Heaven, or *ever attempted* to explain the Evangelist's phrases by that hypothesis.' (p. 43.) 'It is a fair remark, that if "ascending to Heaven," signifies *knowing* the divine counsels, "descending from Heaven," may signify *not knowing* them. But the figure is preserved if the person spoken of ascends to *learn* heavenly truths, and descends to *communicate* them. "Who is in Heaven," is omitted in the Vatican, and *some other* manuscripts, and is at least of *doubtful* authenticity.' (p. 51.) 'Matt. xi. 27. No man knoweth the Son but the Father.' q. d. 'No one knoweth the extent of the Son's *commission* but the Father.' (p. 54.) 'John vi. 62. "What and if you shall see the son of man ascend up where he was before?" Jesus, knowing their mean and secular views, resolved to release himself from these selfish and unworthy attendants; and for this purpose he delivers a discourse' (ver. 33—62) 'which they could not comprehend, and the *design* of, which was to *shock* their prejudices, to *disgust* their feelings, and to *alienate* them from his society.' (p. 57.) 'Ver. 35—40. Jesus now *confounds* and *perplexes* their understandings by speaking of himself personally as the promised bread from Heaven.' (p. 59.) 'Ver. 43—51. Jesus continues to assert the divinity of his mission and the vivifying power of his doctrine, in language still *more offensive* and *unintelligible* to the multitude.' (p. 61.) 'Jesus, knowing their mean and secular motives, and desirous of being forsaken by them, does not condescend to correct their mistake, but proceeds to express himself in language *still more offensive* and *disgusting*.' (p. 62.) 'The Jews observing the *seriousness* and *solemnity* of our Lord's manner, and understanding his declarations in a strict and literal sense, are more offended and disgusted than ever, and resolve to forsake his society, *probably* conceiving him to be *disordered in his mind*.' (p. 63.) 'They did not speak out: but Jesus judged from their looks

and *whisperings* what passed in their minds. (p. 64.) 'Ver. 61. 62. By his *person*, the son of man, he still means his *doctrine*.' 'This will be called a forced interpretation. And it is certainly very different from the plain liberal meaning of the words.' (pp. 66, 67.) 'John viii. 58. The Jews evidently *understood* the language of Jesus, as an assertion of his *existence before* the birth of Abraham; for in the paroxysm of their rage they took up stones to stone him as a liar and blasphemer.' (p. 75.)

By the way, were not the Jews as competent to understand 'the language of Jesus,' as Mr. B. and the modern Unitarians? If so, must not these, on their own principles, draw the same conclusion? 'A liar and a blasphemer!'

'It is not *probable* that our Lord would have been so *very open* and *explicit* upon this high and mysterious subject to his enemies, when he was so reserved to his friends, and does not appear to have *hinted* it to his disciples'—'If he had *intended* in this instance to announce his own pre-existence so very explicitly as many believe, he would have taught this extraordinary doctrine *more frequently*, in a *greater variety* of phrase, and would have laid *greater stress* upon it; and finally that this fact, so solemnly declared, would have been more attended to, and would have made a more permanent and vivid impression.' (p. 79. 80.) 'Before Abraham was born, I was *he*; i. e. the Christ. q. d. Before that eminent patriarch was brought into being, my existence and appearance under the character of the Messiah at *this* period, and in *these* circumstances, was so completely *arranged*, and so irrevocably *fixed* in the immutable counsels and purposes of God, that in *this* sense I may be said *even then* to have existed.' (p. 85.) 'To the Jews, therefore, who were *familiar* with the language and imagery of their own prophets, our Lord's declaration of his *existence* as the Messiah before the birth of Abraham would not sound so harsh and offensive as it does to modern readers; who, not being accustomed to the bold dramatic language of prophecy, are apt to understand that of *actual* existence which the Jews would *easily perceive* to be *figurative*.' p. 91.

If the Jews 'easily perceived' that the asserted existence was not 'actual' but 'figurative,' and if this 'would not sound so harsh and offensive as it does to modern ears,' how came they 'in the paroxysm of their rage' to take up stones 'to stone him as a liar and blasphemer?' Notwithstanding this glaring inconsistency in Mr. Belsham's own statement, he adds, 'In the explanation of this important text it was thought necessary to be thus particular, because it is in a great measure *decisive of the whole controversy*.' (p. 102.)

'John xvi. 28. But it is *better* to take both clauses *figuratively*. As Jesus *came* into the world when he appeared in public as a messenger from God; so, conversely, he *left* the world and returned to the Father when his mission closed, and he ceased to appear any longer as a public teacher.' (p. 104.) 'John xvii, 5. The words *παρα σενου*, "with thy own self," are opposed to the words *ἐν τῷ γυναι*, "upon the

earth," in the preceding verse: and the words *παρὰ σοί*, "with thee," in the scriptures and in all good writers, are used in a *local* sense to express "in thy house," "in thy presence," and the like; and never signify "in thy purpose or decree."—"O Father, glorify thou me with thyself, with the glory which I had with thee," that is, in thy immutable purpose and decree, the glory which was intended for me "before the world was." (p. 106, 109.) 'John xvii. 24. Our Lord prays that his apostles may be witnesses to the great success of his gospel.' (p. 118.) 2 Cor. viii. 9. If the fact [i. e. of the pre-existence of Christ.] were antecedently established, this passage might indeed be admitted as a *graceful allusion* to it.' (p. 122.) 'The apostle affirms the existence of two contemporary events, that Christ was rich, and, at the same time, that he lived in poverty.'—"Jesus Christ was rich in miraculous powers, which it was at his option to employ for his own benefit.' (p. 125, 126.) 'Phil. ii. 5—9. "Who being in the form of God." As Christ is said, ver. 7, to have assumed the form of a slave when he was not really a slave, so he might appear in the form of God, without being really and essentially God.' (p. 130.)

It is natural to ask here, on what principle of criticism does Mr. B. render the Greek word, *δoulos*, a slave rather than a servant? When Jehovah says "remember ye the law of Moses (*τὸν νόμον μου*, Sep.) my servant," are we to understand by the term a slave, as contradistinguished from one rendering service? Mal. iv. 4. When he says, "Behold I will bring forth *τον δούλον μου* my servant the Branch," does he mean my slave? (Zach. iii. 8.) When he says, "I will take thee, O Zerubbabel (*τον δούλον μου*) my servant," what supposable connexion has it with slavery? (Hag. ii. 23.) When again it is said 'Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant,' is the designed idea slavery or service? (Isaiah xlii. 19.) In the parable of the householder who let his vineyard to husbandmen, it is said "he sent (*τους δούλους αὐτοῦ*) his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it." (Matt. xxi. 34.) Surely the idea conveyed by the term is that of superintending servants, rather than of slaves. The following passage is peculiarly in point: Mat. xx. 27, 28. 'And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your (*δoulos*) servant. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.' It would be easy to produce many other passages, both from the New Testament and Septuagint, where it would be preposterous to substitute the word slave for servant; but it is of more importance to observe that there is not, we think, any one instance to be found where, either by this or any other term, the idea of a 'slave' is attached to Jesus Christ. "The form of a servant" must mean, in all consistency, the aspect or deportment of a servant; for what

possible form of a slave can be applied to him as contrasted with the aspect or deportment of one serving? In the whole course of his obedience he conducted himself as one serving, or ministring; this was the aspect which he bore, this was the appearance he made. And, according to the intended contrast, being in the *form of God*, must signify, living or existing (*ὑπάρχων*) as God. He who existed as the *form*, aspect, mode, personal distinction, or the relative subsistence of Deity, assumed a nature capable of obedience and service.

‘The words “he thought it not robbery,” are attended with considerable difficulty. The Greek word *ἀρπαγῆς* here translated robbery, scarcely occurs in any other Greek writer. It seems, however, rather favourable to the supposition that the word is used in the *active* sense.’ (p. 134.) ‘The proper simple meaning of the phrase appears to be, not to covet, to be fond of, or to affect to display, but to *hold fast*, as a person does what he has seized by force, claims as his right, and is resolved not to relinquish. In this sense it stands in opposition to *ἐκένωσεν*, “he exhausted himself,” he parted with all, without retaining any thing.’—‘So far from tenaciously grasping, and refusing to relinquish, he voluntarily, and of his own accord, divested himself of every thing that is intended by the form or likeness of God. If the immutable attributes of Deity are intended, these were concealed—or the pre-existent glories of the Logos, these were quiescent—or his extraordinary miraculous powers, these were voluntarily suspended, while he suffered himself to appear and to be treated as though he possessed them not.’ (p. 138, 139.)

Is Saul also among the prophets! Yes, but he soon returns to more congenial occupations.

‘The *exaltation* of Christ, consists in his *possession* of a divine commission and voluntary miraculous powers. His humiliation consists in his *neglecting* to use those powers for his own benefit, in submitting to a humble, laborious, and dependent condition, and finally, in resigning himself to suffering and death in obedience to the will of God, and *for the good* of mankind. Thus this celebrated text may at least be regarded as *neutral*.’ (p. 144, 145.) ‘Col. i. 14. The word *first-born* is used to express excellence of its kind.—And of the *new* creation Christ is the head and chief, being the chief instrument of God in the renovation of the moral world.’ (p. 147.) ‘Col. i. 17. He is before all things: i. e. in time, dignity, and excellence, in the *natural* creation, if that be the subject of the Apostle’s discourse; or, of the *new* creation, if that be the subject treated of, as Unitarians maintain!—‘No argument for the pre-existence of Christ can be drawn from this *ambiguous* text.’ (p. 148.)

The attentive reader will have observed, that through the whole of this long section, as indeed throughout the work, the author seems to labour under the same inveterate prejudice we before noticed,—that something may be said, nay, ought to be said on every text, which is calculated to lower its meaning. This is ‘the *sole concern* of the Unitarians: that

the passages in question are either of doubtful authenticity, or misunderstood, or misapplied.' Those who can relish these morsels of comments and criticisms will find, in the remaining sections of this part in the work itself, an ample repast; beside the desert contained in the second part. We are, however, under the mortifying necessity of putting off our readers with little more than 'the bill of fare.'

The fourth section exhibits 'a collection of texts,' which, if they do not directly assert the pre-existence of Christ, have nevertheless been thought to allude to it, and to be most easily explained upon that hypothesis.

'John viii. 23.' "I am from above." *I am, i. e. my doctrine is, from heaven.* (p. 154.) 'Gal. i. 1. "An Apostle, not of man, nor by men, but by Jesus Christ." q. d. Not of, nor by *ordinary* men.' (p. 158.) 'Heb. ii. 14. The expression "took part," seems to indicate a *voluntary assumption* of human nature.' 'It ought to have been rendered "he participated of the same." (p. 159.)

The fifth section notices the Attributes supposed to be ascribed to Christ, which infer his pre-existence and divinity!

'John i. 1. The beginning of the *gospel dispensation* is here intended.' (p. 171.) 'John ii. 19. "In three days *I will raise it up.*" Not that he would *raise himself*, but that he would be *raised by God.*' (p. 173.) 'John x. 17. 18. *If* this text is to be understood of the death and resurrection of Jesus, it is to be explained on the same principles as the preceeding: and though *active* verbs are used, they are to be taken in a *passive* sense.' (p. 174.) 'Matt. xxvii. 20. The promise is addressed to the Apostles *only*. It is limited to the termination of the *Jewish* dispensation by the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple.' (p. 179.) 'Matt. ix. 4. Mark ii. 8. *Perhaps* the historians might mean nothing more than that he judged from their *countenances* what was passing in their minds.' (p. 179.) 'Luke vii. 39, 40. The pharisees expected as a *matter of course* that a prophet would know by *inspiration* the character and *thought* of those who approached him.' (p. 180.) 'John xvi. 28, 30. His accurate knowledge of these *speculations* convinced them that he came from God.' (p. 182.) 'Col. ii. 2, 3. The manuscripts *vary* (ib.) 'Rev. ii. 2, 23. To say nothing of the *doubtful authenticity* of the Apocalypse, or of *this portion* of it, these passages would prove *nothing more* than that Christ, in his *exalted* state, is acquainted with the *circumstances* of his churches, and with the *character* of individual members.' (p. 183.) 'John xiv. 7, 11. This *mystical* language of the Evangelist, when translated into *popular* phraseology, means *nothing more* than that our Lord spoke and acted under a *divine commission.*' (p. 188.)

Section the sixth, 'concerning the alledged superiority of Christ to Angels.'

'The whole mythology concerning angels is destitute of all foundation in the Jewish and Christian revelations.—By Jesus and his Apostles it is *alluded* to as the *popular* and established belief of the age; by whom it was

never taught as an article of faith. Revelation therefore is no more responsible for the existence of angels *good or evil*, than it is for the existence of *witches, &c.*' (p. 195.) 'Heb. i. 4, 9. "Being made so much better than the angels"—the *prophet* mentioned ver. 1.'—'It is with respect to *them*, and not to angels, that the comparison with Christ is instituted in the beginning of this epistle.' (p. 206.)

The seventh section treats of the 'Titles and characters attributed to Christ,' or thought to be so attributed, which are supposed to imply superiority of nature !

'The Unitarians plead that Christ is called *God*, as being a *prophet* invested with miraculous powers.' (p. 214.) Luke i. 16, 17. Though strictness of construction warrants the application of the pronoun *him* to the antecedent *God*, yet as the phrase "Lord our God" is never applied to Christ in the New Testament, no *Jew* would ever think of such an application of the words. John was the fore-runner of the *Lord their God*, by being the fore-runner of *Jesus*, the great messenger of God to mankind.' (p. 217.) 'John i. 1. "And the Word was God," or, a *God*, i. e. an *inferior* God derived from the Supreme, and delegated by him, or, God was wisdom ; or, the Word, i. e. the *teacher* was a *prophet* endued with miraculous powers.' (p. 218.) 'John xx. 28. "And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God." This is a sudden exclamation of astonishment and joy, q. d. My Lord ! and my God ! How great is thy *power* ! Or, My Lord and my God, *has done this* !' p. 218.

In the eighth section we have a 'collection of passages which are supposed to teach that Christ is the maker and preserver of all things,' and in the next is considered the question, 'whether Jesus Christ was the medium of the divine dispensations to the Patriarchs and to the Hebrew nation: and whether he ever appeared under the name and character of *Jehovah*.'

'Any sensible symbol of the divine presence is called an *angel*, and this symbol is called *indifferently* the *angel* of *Jehovah*, or, *Jehovah himself*.—Gen. xvi. 7. The *angel* of *Jehovah* found her ; but ver. 13. it appears that this angel was *Jehovah himself*.' (p. 307.) 'In the Chaldee idiom the term *Mimra*, "word," is substituted for the reciprocal pronoun *self* ; so that the "word of *Jehovah* means *nothing more than Jehovah himself*.' (p. 310.) 'Rev. xxi. 23. No conclusion can be drawn from the *obscure* and *figurative* language of prophecy.' (p. 312.) 'Mat. iii. 1. "*Jehovah*, whom ye seek, shall come suddenly to his temple." Jesus visited the temple as the *messenger* of *Jehovah*,' (ib.)

Section the tenth: 'The present exaltation of Christ, and the high offices which he now sustains, or, to which he is to be appointed hereafter, are said to be incompatible with the supposition of his *proper* and *simple* humanity.' Who of Mr. B's. opponents deny his 'proper' humanity?

The eleventh section takes into consideration the passages 'Concerning the worship of Christ.'

1 Pet. i. 8. "Whom having not seen, ye love." It seems surprising that *personal* affection to Christ should be so often represented and insisted upon as a Christian *duty* of the highest importance. The apostles and other *immediate* followers of Christ, who knew him *personally*, and had derived *personal benefits* from him, in addition to the greatest veneration of his character, could not but feel the most affectionate attachment to his *person*. But it is *impossible* that Christians of *later* times, who have had *no personal intercourse* with Christ, and who have received *no personal benefits* from him, can love him in the same sense in which the apostles and his other companions did.' (p. 355.) 'Matt. xxviii. 9, 17. Luke xxiv. 51. &c. The *worship* in these instances offered to Christ was *civil* respect, not *religious* homage.'—'The question is concerning the lawfulness of addressing worship to Christ, now that he is no longer *sensibly* present.' (p. 361.) —'Rev. v. 8. — 14. The *authenticity* of this book is *doubtful*.' 'It is unreasonable to argue from visions to realities.'—'The foundation of the homage paid to the Lamb is, that he was *slain*: therefore he is *not God*, nor entitled to divine honours.' (p. 371, 372.) "They stoned Stephen, invoking and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." This holy proto-martyr had just been favoured with an actual *vision* of our Lord!—'The example of this primitive martyr, therefore, does not fall within the limit of *religious* worship, nor in the least degree authorize addresses to Christ when he is not *sensibly* present.' (p. 373.)

Many more specimens of this plain and obvious style of criticism might be produced: but we think our readers would by this time begin to be wearied of them, even if they came recommended by the merit of ingenuity. What their feelings will probably be in contemplating them as they *are*—we will not trust ourselves to conjecture.

The last section of this part contains 'Arguments to prove the proper humanity of Jesus Christ!' For what honest purpose this writer should accumulate arguments, through above forty pages, to prove the proper humanity of Jesus Christ, when no one in the present day questions it, we are at a loss to conceive. Do any of Mr. Belsham's opponents pretend that the humanity of Jesus was not 'proper,' or that he was only a phantom?—At the close of this section, which the author himself owns 'is not necessary,' there is an Appendix, containing an 'abstract of the controversy between Dr. Priestly and Dr. Horsley concerning the existence of an Orthodox Church of Hebrew Christians at Ælia, who had departed from the Jewish ritual.' Were this point settled to the highest degree of probability, on either side, of what argumentative use could it be towards adjusting the controverted subject? That a professing body of Christians *did* believe a set of opinions even in the Apostolic age, except these opinions

were sanctioned by the Apostles, is no evidence that they ought to have believed them. That men should bestow so much of their time, attention, talents and erudition on a subject which, if ascertained to a certainty, could be of no conceivable use in solid argument, we regard as a lamentable evidence of the human mind's depraved propensity to unprofitable speculation.

The concluding part of this work exhibits 'A summary view' of different schemes of doctrine concerning the Person of Christ—the proper Unitarian—the Socinian—the low Arian—the high Arian—the Semi-Arian—the indwelling Scheme—the Sabellian—the Swedenborgian doctrine—Tritheism—and the Trinitarian doctrine—It is time for us also to conclude this article, though we find it not very easy to give the work a definite character. We have scarcely ever seen a book of equal size, drawn up by a person of some learning and much labour (the labour of transcribing from Socinian comments and criticisms) conveying so little instruction; and considered as a theological work, it would be difficult to find one less adapted to promote religion and virtue, in any acceptance of these terms. We can perceive no tendency in it to elevate the mind, to stimulate to action, to recommend the gospel as a wise and holy religion worthy of being propagated. It has no adaptation to the state of mankind as they are, but to an imaginary set of beings, without laws, without sanctions, without moral government, without guilt of conscience; beings who, if they have a little instruction from a prophet respecting present duty and future prospects, can save themselves; beings who require no transforming influence, no secret energy, no religion of love; beings who need 'nothing more' than objective means of happiness, and these all reducible to a little information.

On the whole, the Unitarianism of modern Socinians is the art of dilapidation, detached from the science of building. Its efforts are directed to shew, that is, to conjecture, what Christianity is *not*, rather than to prove what it is; whether we regard its doctrines or duties, the greatness of its blessings or the nature of its obligations. By the help of the "floods and streams" of pseudo-criticism, its aim is to demolish not only the fabrick of Orthodoxy but also the solid rock, in which its foundations are deeply laid. Or, to change the allusion, it would have us desert the Christian Temple, and renounce all that we have learnt in the New Testament, in order to make nearer approaches to the schools of modern Jews, Mahometans, and Sceptics.

ART. IX. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

♦ *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

We are happy in being able to announce that a new and Fifth Edition, of that justly celebrated Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the Encyclopædia Britannica, is in progress of publication. The new edition is to consist of twenty-four volumes, and to be published in parts monthly till it is completed; and the names of the proprietors, Messrs. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, are a sufficient guarantee for the punctual and able performance of their engagement. It is proposed as a peculiar feature, and for the advantage of the possessors of former editions, to arrange the four last volumes in a distinct alphabet, consisting wholly of the latest discoveries in all arts and sciences; and for this portion of the work the assistance is engaged of Mr. Dugald Stewart, Mr. Professor Playfair, and Sir Humphrey Davy. We are informed that in forty years there have been four editions of this great work; one of 3,500 copies, another of 4,500 copies, a third of 13,000 copies, and a fourth of 3,300 copies.

Mr. Campbell is preparing Critical and Biographical Notices of the British Poets, with occasional selections from their works. To be printed uniformly with Mr. Ellis's specimens.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes at Oxford, for the ensuing year; viz. For Latin verses—*Alexander Achillis tumulum invisens*. For an English Essay—*Etymology*. For a Latin Essay—*Quam vim in moribus Populi Romani corrigendis habuerit Proestas Centurie*. Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize—for the best composition in English verse, not containing more than fifty lines—the Pantheon.

Messrs. Bartlett and Newman, of Oxford, successors to Collingwood and Co.) are engaged in printing an edition of Livy, in four volumes octavo, under the direction of a gentleman of the university of Oxford. It is from the text of Drakenborch, and will contain the various

readings, and the whole of the notes, both of the 4to. and 12mo. editions, of Crevier. The *Notæ Posteriores* will be introduced in their proper places at the bottom of the page.

The Epic Poem of Charlemagne; or, Rome Delivered; in twenty-four Cantos, by Lucien Bonaparte, will be superbly printed in two volumes, imperial quarto, with plates, engraved in the best manner, by Charles Heath. The subject of the poem is the deliverance of Rome from the Lombards, by Charlemagne, and the establishment of the second western empire. With this the author has mixed a description of the warlike exploits of Charlemagne against the Saxons and Huns, a representation of the heathen worship of the Saxons, and the conversion to the Christian faith of their leader, Witikind, who is regarded in history as the ancestor of the third dynasty of French kings. The excesses of the Greek Iconoclasts, the civil and military habits of the Moors in Spain, and the achievements of Roland, and other knights, are likewise introduced into the work. The machinery of the Poem has nothing in it of Pagan Mythology, but is founded entirely on the Catholic Creed. All the principal ceremonies of that religion are successively introduced into the course of the narrative, and made subservient to its development. The Poem is of considerable length, and is divided into twenty-four cantos. Its composition, and the prosecution of the various studies connected with it, have formed the chief occupation of the author during eight years which have elapsed since he retired from public life. They continue to engage him at present, and many months will not elapse before the manuscript is in a fit state for the press.

Mr. Toone, of Brentford, will speedily publish, the Magistrate's Manual, comprising the duties and power of a justice of the peace, with a copious collection of precedents of warrants, conviction, &c.

The Rev. — Hoults, of Little Baddow Essex, has in the press, a small work, entitled *The Excursions of Vigilus*.

The Rev. W. Gunn is printing, in a royal octavo volume, an *Inquiry into the Origin and Influence of Gothic Architecture*, illustrated by plates.

Mr. J. S. Hawkins will shortly publish a *History of the Origin and Establishment of Gothic Architecture*; with an investigation of the mode of painting and staining glass.

Mr. Britton is preparing the *History and Antiquities of Salisbury Cathedral*, illustrated by engravings; including biographical anecdotes of the bishops, and of other eminent persons connected with the church. He is also collecting for *Lincoln Cathedral*.

Dr. Thomas Thompson, who last autumn made a tour through Sweden, principally with a view to geological and other scientific researches, availed himself of the opportunity to become acquainted with the present political state of that kingdom, its statistics, &c. and the result of his observations will be laid before the public next month.

Mr. Bower will shortly publish a *History of the Life of Martin Luther*, with an account of the Reformation in Germany.

Miss Plumtre has been for some time past employed in a translation of the *Travels of Dr. Pouquelle in the Morea, Albania, &c.*—They will be accompanied by engravings from drawings taken on the spot.

Mr. W. S. Walker will shortly publish, in one octavo volume, *Gustavus Vasa*, and other Poems.

Miss Bengel has nearly ready for publication, *the Heart and the Fancy*, a tale, in two volumes.

Mr. Carpenter has in the press, a *New School Speaker*, and an *English Vocabulary for the use of young persons*.

The Works of Dr. John Taylor, late professor of divinity and morals in the academy at Warrington, are printing in four octavo volumes. Also, by the same author, in a small octavo volume, *the Value of a Child, or Motives to the Good Education of Children*; in a letter to a daughter.

A translation from the French of J. B. Salgues, of a critical and satirical *Exposition of the Errors and Prejudices of Mankind*, as they have prevailed from time immemorial, and are still cherished by certain classes of society, is printing in two octavo volumes.

A third volume of the *Calamities of Authors* is preparing for publication.

Mr. Thomas Yeates, late of Oxford, has in the press, a *Hebrew Grammar*, with principal rules, suitable directions to learners, and new tables.

Mr. Turnbull is printing a new edition of his *Voyage round the World*, in a quarto size, with considerable additions and improvements.

Mr. Playfair has in the press a new edition, with additions, of his *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth*.

A second edition of *Wakefield's Lactetus* is printing in octavo.

A third edition of *Waldo's Commentary on the Liturgy* is in the press.

A new edition of a scarce work, intitled, a *Scripture Account of the Faith and Practice of Christians*, revised by Mr. Joseph Strutt, will be published next month.

The third edition, with large additions and alterations, of the late Mr. Titter's *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, in three large volumes, octavo, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Allen's new Translation of *Calvin's Institutes*, 3 vols. 8vo. is nearly completed, and will it is expected, be ready for delivery to the Subscribers and for publication by the end of the present month.

Mr. F. Bailey has just published an *Appendix to his Doctrine of Life Annuities and Assurances*; containing a Paper read before the Royal Society, or a new method of calculating and arranging Tables for determining the value of Life Annuities.

The Rev. William Bennett has committed to the press a Full Examination of the Eclectic Reviewers' Animadversions on his Book, entitled, *The Legislative Authority of revealed Grace*.

Mr. James Kirkland, surgeon, has in the press an *Appendix to an Inquiry into the present state of Medical Surgery*, by his Father, the late Thomas Kirkland, M. D. in which the removal of Obstruction and Inflammation in particular instances; with the Causes, Nature, Distinctions, and Cure of Ulcers, is considered; taken from the Author's manuscript.

Just imported, by T. Boosey, 4, Broadstreet, Royal Exchange. *Grammaire des Grammaires*, ou, *Analyse Raisonnée des Meilleurs Traités sur la Langue Francoise*, à l'Usage des Elèves de l'Institut des Maisons Imperiales Napoleon, établies à Saint Denis, pour l'Education des Filles de Membres de la Legion d'Honneur. Par C. P. Girault Duvivier, &c.

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larum, 2 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1809, 12s.
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Rhetorici, nova Edita, d'Allemand, 12mo.
Paris, 1810, 5s. 6d.—A General Cata-
logue of Foreign Books will be published
next month; containing valuable recent
importations of French and German
works, &c. &c.

ART. X. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Biographical List of the House of
Commons, elected in October, 1812. In
royal 18mo. 5s. sewed.

A New Edition of the Memoirs of the
Reign of King Charles I. By Sir Philip
Warwick, Knt. 8vo. 12s. brds. and on
royal paper, 11. 1s.

The History of James Mitchell, a Boy
born Blind and Deaf. By James War-
drop, F.R.S. Ed.; handsomely printed
in 4to. 7s. 6d. bds.

The Lives of Marcus Valerius, Messala
Corvinus, and Titus Pomponius Atticus;
the latter from the Latin of Cornelius
Nepos, with notes and illustrations: to
which is added an account of the Fami-
lies of the first five Cæsars. By the Rev.
Edward Berwick, author of the Transla-
tion of the Life of Apollonius of Tyan.
post 8vo. 7s. bds.

CLASSICAL.

A Catalogue of the Classical Library,
for 1813. Part II, containing the Octa-
vo Class. In the collection are many
choice, valuable, and rare articles, re-
cently purchased in France, Holland,
Germany, and Portugal. The prices are
annexed, by the Proprietor, W. H. Lunn.
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The Principles of Latin and English
Grammar; designed to facilitate the stu-
dy of both Languages, by connecting
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Adam, LL.D. Rector of the High School
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The Publication alluded to by L. X. was duly received, and will be noticed as early as our convenience will permit.